

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF
Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 234.—VOL. IX.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped 5d.]

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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE inhabitants of Berlin have just been regaled with a military spectacle, which no doubt conferred upon them the highest gratification. The Royal Guards returning from their glorious campaign against the outnumbered Danes have made their entry into the city, and have been received with enthusiasm, not only by M. von Bismarck and by King William, but by the people generally. That the Sovereign and his Minister should greet with every mark of favour the instruments of their selfish, dishonest, but successful policy, is natural enough. But it is certainly somewhat remarkable that their subjects should be ready to forget all that has passed since they flung themselves headlong into the movement against the Scandinavian Kingdom. At that time they professed to desire—and probably did in fact desire—the liberation of Slesvig-Holstein from a foreign yoke; and the erection of the Duchies into an independent principality. By the attainment of this object they believed that Germany would be strengthened, that its several Powers would be knit together in the ties of a more intimate union, and that in some mysterious way the progress of Constitutional principles and the advance of national liberty would be sensibly promoted. But what has been the actual result? The people of Slesvig-Holstein have simply passed from the hands—or the claws—of king Log into those of king Stork. So far from their having any voice in the settlement of their fate, it is perfectly notorious that Austria and Prussia are at this moment engaged in arranging that settlement without even affecting to consult them. Germany, instead of being more united, is more divided than ever. And as for the progress of constitutional freedom, Prussia itself furnishes the best commentary on that text. Two years ago that country possessed a Parliament—not a very wise, not a very practical, not a very courageous assembly, it is true,—but still a Parliament which had a certain amount of reality about it, which was not entirely destitute of influence, and which set before itself, in a misty, hazy sort of way, the task of transforming Prussia into a constitutional country. At the present moment it is really difficult to say whether Prussia has a Parliament at all—except on paper. It is certain that such an assembly has no more influence in the State than a university debating society; and that if it ever meets again it will command no more respect from the Government than would be accorded to a parcel of unruly students. We cannot help asking whether the Prussians are content to barter all their hopes of freedom, all the genuine sympathy which they professed on behalf of the Slesvig-Holsteiners, all their aspirations after German unity, against a slice of pilfered territory; and so far as present appearances enable one to judge, it is equally impossible to

avoid answering in the affirmative. M. von Bismarck has not only tamed them, but has installed himself in their hearts. Such is German Liberalism and such are German Liberals.

There has been another "ministerial crisis" in Spain. It is very seldom that an event of this kind attracts much attention, or possesses much importance. One successful intrigue—one palace revolution—more or less, does not materially concern the world; and the world treats with proper contempt the ignoble details of what are called Spanish politics. On the present occasion an important public question does, however, seem to have been involved in the crisis. For some time past Spain has been endeavouring to reconquer St. Domingo. There is no advantage in discussing the rightfulness of the attempt, or it would not be difficult to show that it is a piece of high-handed aggression quite as gross as that which she is carrying out against Peru. It is more important to observe that it has not been crowned with success. The memory of the former rule of Spain is deeply rooted in the minds of the people of St. Domingo. They are united almost to a man against the invaders. The climate and disease fight on the side of the natives. And, in fine, so successful has been their resistance, so severe, and so apparently hopeless has been the drain upon the resources of Spain, that the Duke of Valencia and his colleagues recommended her Majesty to express, in the Speech from the Throne, a resolution to abandon St. Domingo. The Queen, with true Bourbon obstinacy, peremptorily refused to abandon an enterprise on which she is understood to have set her heart—if, indeed, that expression be permissible in reference to such a personage. The Ministry, accordingly, tendered their resignation, and this was accepted. But no Spanish statesman was willing to commit himself to the enterprise, from any further prosecution of which Narvaez had recoiled. The Queen has been obliged to receive back her late Ministry, and has, we presume, consented to accept their policy. According to some of the Spanish newspapers, the determination of their Government to abandon St. Domingo was caused by an intimation that France and England were about to recognise the "rebellious" natives of that island as belligerents. But there is, in point of fact, little reason to believe that any such intimation was ever given—still less that it had any effect on the determination of the Narvaez cabinet. That determination was, we believe, founded solely on a conviction that the resources of the country were being foolishly and uselessly squandered. We should rejoice to hear that a similar consideration had led them to withdraw from the war which—without a shadow of justice or reason—they have commenced against the Republic of Peru.

A short speech made by Lord Palmerston, at Romsey, in

proposing the toast of "The Press," has attracted the special attention of the French journals. In England it seems a matter of course that a statesman should acknowledge, like every one else, the services rendered by newspapers in discussing public questions, in expressing public opinion, and in protecting the public liberties. The Premier's few but well-chosen sentences commanded general assent, but passed amongst ourselves for little more than graceful and complimentary platitudes. We are so thoroughly accustomed to an atmosphere of free discussion, that the possibility of its healthiness being questioned scarcely occurs to us. But to foreign observers it seems strange that a Prime Minister should welcome the criticism to which he is subjected, and kiss the rod by which he is so often chastised. The organs of political parties so completely opposed as the Legitimists and the Republicans concur in the expression of astonishment and of praise at the frankness and heartiness of the noble lord's words. "We can well understand," says the *Legitimist Gazette de France*, "the pride of the veteran minister calling to mind that he has the happiness to live in a free country. The more he enlarges on the conditions of his country's liberty, the more he exalts his own glory in being at the head of a nation which practises such principles—the first of a government of liberty." "A minister toasting the liberty of the press!" remarks the democratic *Siècle*. "Verily such things are seen only in England!" It is well that we should be thus occasionally reminded of the blessings we enjoy, but which we are apt to forget. Nor, on the other hand, is it unimportant to notice how the chains which the Emperor has imposed on the French press weigh upon those who have to bear them. Unfortunately we see very few symptoms of any general impatience on the part of French society. At present, the struggles and the misfortunes of unhappy journals and journalists appear to furnish matter of amusement, rather than of sympathy or indignation, to the classes which are not directly affected. The press can, however, afford to bide its time. Amongst a nation so quick-witted and intelligent as the French, it will sooner or later have its day of triumph. In the meantime, we venture to offer our tribute of admiration to those who, under severe discouragement and difficulty, seize every opportunity of remonstrating and protesting against the bondage in which they are held.

The condition of the finances of the Ottoman empire may not be an inviting, but it is certainly not an unimportant subject. We have made heavy sacrifices for the maintenance of Turkey, and in the opinion of most politicians the independence of the Porte is still an essential element in the European system. At the present time, however, financial solvency is in the long run a condition of national existence. If the Sultan were once declared bankrupt, the division of his assets would not be far distant. It is therefore satisfactory to know that if Turkish finance is hardly in a flourishing, it is at least tending towards a sound state. The budget for the year 1864-5 shows a surplus as will be seen from the following figures:—The estimated revenue for the year is £14,737,227 against £13,684,268 in the previous twelvemonth, while the expenditure is taken at £14,571,276 against £13,495,472 last, thus leaving a surplus of £211,363. It is true that this surplus may be said—and said truly—to exist only on paper, since, in consequence of arrears in the collection, the actual revenue is likely to fall far short of the estimated amount. In all probability there will, in fact, at the end of the year be a considerable deficit. But that need excite little or no apprehension under existing circumstances. It is not to be expected that order should at once be restored to the confusion of Turkish finance. The main point is that an honest effort has been made to ascertain the real state of affairs, and provide for the gradual establishment of an equilibrium. It is confidently asserted that this has now been done; and so much has undoubtedly been accomplished in the last two years, that we may reasonably put faith in the assertion. In that time a ruinous floating debt has been extinguished—of course with an addition to the permanent debt—and an almost worthless paper currency has been withdrawn at an outlay of upwards of twenty millions sterling. The revenue is steadily increasing; and although there is still much extravagance in some branches of the expenditure, regularity and economy are rapidly finding their way into the public service. Under these circumstances, if Ottoman statesmen continue to grapple resolutely with the difficulties of the situation; if the

Sultan's disposition to a lavish outlay on palaces, ships, and fortifications can be kept in check; and if the empire is permitted to enjoy the benefits of peace, there is good ground for hoping that before long the Turk may be able to hold up his head as a solvent, and indeed a tolerably comfortable and prosperous man, so far as money matters are concerned.

It cannot be said that the actual importance of Mr. Lincoln's Message to Congress equals the interest and anxiety with which it was looked forward to. With regard to the future policy of the Federal Government, it tells us nothing that we were not prepared to hear. There were indeed some who indulged the hope that it would hold towards the South the language of conciliation, even if it did not actually offer terms of accommodation. We were, however, not amongst these. We never anticipated from Mr. Lincoln anything but a persistent refusal to treat with the Confederates except on the basis of complete and unreserved submission. It always seemed to us that, so long as he remained in power, there was no hope of peace except in the overwhelming victory of one side or the other. So far as he can control the course of events, he now assures us that this shall be the case; he renews the expression of his determination to wage war against the South to the bitter end and by the sharpest means, and constitutes himself afresh the embodiment of all that is most truculent, tyrannical, and unsparing in Northern sentiment and opinion. He commits everything to the fate of war; and we have no doubt that the challenge thus thrown down to the Confederates will be eagerly accepted by them, and that they will derive new courage and energy from this renewed assurance that defeat or submission will entail absolute subjection. With regard to general matters, there is but little in the Message to call for comment. The President's tone towards foreign nations is upon the whole temperate, if not exactly cordial or friendly. With the exception of an allusion to the too prompt recognition of the Confederates as belligerents, by the Maritime Powers, he urges no cause of complaint against England. Even in reference to the hostile demonstrations from the Canadian frontier, he acknowledges that the colonial authorities are not intentionally unjust or unfriendly to the United States; but that, on the contrary, there is every reason to expect "that with the approval of the Imperial Government they will take the necessary measures to prevent any hostile incursion across the border." So far as it goes, this is very satisfactory. Whether we sympathise with the North or the South, it is the sincere desire of nearly all Englishmen that our country should remain neutral and stand aloof from the war. We are, therefore, glad to perceive that it is not at present the policy of the Federal statesmen to force us into a quarrel, or to render the preservation of peace difficult and precarious by the use of insulting and irritating language. Mr. Lincoln's review of the progress of the war during the past year is both meagre and untrustworthy; "Since the last annual Message," he says, "all the important lines and positions then occupied by our forces have been maintained, and our armies have steadily advanced, thus liberating the regions left in the rear, so that Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee have again produced reasonably fair crops." The President apparently forgets, or wishes his readers to forget that, since he last addressed Congress the Federals have been completely driven out of Texas, and have been compelled to evacuate large portions of Louisiana, North Carolina, and Florida; that the last harvest in Missouri was reaped by the Confederates; and that the latter now possess the whole of Tennessee except a few fortified towns. These are not only considerable losses, but they far counterbalance any advantages which the Federals have gained in other quarters. We cannot enter here into the complicated and extensive subject of American finance, but it is interesting to observe that the President has at last become convinced that additional taxation is necessary; and that the increasing difficulty of obtaining money by loan has led to the promulgation of a scheme which is certainly one of startling novelty, if not of an absolutely chimerical character. The President is fairly entitled to take credit to his Government for the manner in which a Federal navy has been created during his former term of office; and he shows great discretion in saying nothing about the number of men who have been recruited for the army during the same period, or the manner in which they have been disposed of. If his Message

had been addressed to a foreign audience, he would probably have done better to abstain from boasting the inexhaustible resources of the Federal States. But Americans expect to receive from their chief magistrate a periodical assurance that they are the greatest people under the sun; and that they and their country are exempt from the weakness which besets the decrepid empires of Europe.

The interest of the military situation in America continues undiminished. But the interest is still that of expectation and not of accomplished fact. Sherman is pursuing his way to the sea-coast; and has yet to encounter the crisis of his fate. According to the latest accounts he was between the Oconnee and Savannah rivers, and was moving upon the city of Savannah. Whether he will succeed in reaching that place remains to be seen, but it is certain that if he brings off some portion of his army in safety he will effect no more. So far from having captured or destroyed either Augusta or Macon, he has not ventured to attack either place. Undefended villages and peaceful homesteads his marauding troops have indeed plundered and burned, wherever they had the opportunity; and to whatever glory such achievements can confer, their commander is fully entitled. That the Federal army has been closely followed and narrowly hemmed in by the Confederate forces during the latter part of its march, is evident from the cavalry engagements or skirmishes which are reported—engagements of which the Southerners seem to have had very much the best. That an army traversing under such circumstances an enemy's country—and one ill-provided with roads—must have suffered enormously, is also clear. But it is yet doubtful whether any portion of it will struggle through, to the refuge of the Northern fleet, which is lying off Beaufort. Unless there is great and unaccountable mismanagement on the other side, it certainly cannot do so without fighting and also winning a battle. The Confederates have had ample time to concentrate in the neighbourhood of Savannah a force, which will be able to throw itself across Sherman's path, whatever course he may take. Had the Federals, operating from Beaufort, succeeded in seizing the Savannah and Charleston line, they would no doubt have rendered this concentration very difficult, if not impossible. But they have been defeated and driven back, with great loss, to the shelter of their gun-boats, thus leaving the Confederates in full possession of the railway communication with the North; and by the Georgia and South Carolina line, with the West also. A very few days should bring us decisive news from this quarter. The situation in Tennessee is, we are told, beginning to excite alarm in Washington. Nor is that alarm by any means groundless. The Federal forces in that State are now closely confined to two or three fortified places, of which Nashville is the most important; and Hood, who is besieging that place, has succeeded in establishing batteries in such a position as to command the Tennessee river, and thus prevent any succours reaching the Federal forces by that channel. It is said that provisions are already running short in Nashville, and, if that be true, it is not unlikely that we shall soon hear of another strategic retreat on the part of Thomas. The way into Kentucky would then be completely open to the Confederates. This at least is certain, that notwithstanding his reported defeat at Franklin, Hood has ever since been acting on the offensive. Even the Northern papers acknowledge that he is now pressing their forces closely. The long-continued inaction of the armies of the Potomac is still unbroken. But it is understood that Grant is actively preparing for another general movement against Richmond and Petersburg. On the other hand, we are assured that Lee is fully prepared to meet and repel any attack. In this quarter, therefore, a great battle is imminent. Considering, however, the strength of the fortified positions held by both parties, this is not likely to be attended with the decisive results which may follow an engagement before Savannah or Nashville.

THE MALDON BANQUET.

WHAT Paris is to France, Maldon is not exactly to Great Britain. If it were, the charge brought against "the thirteen" of trying to influence from the capital the elections throughout the Empire would, under Imperial régime, have been openly courted by the conspirators of the Essex town last week. Theirs was avowedly a party demonstration, held as much with

an eye to the elections in Wessex as in Essex. There was, however, one feature in their after-dinner conjuration which would have procured it sanction even at the hands of the Prefect of the Seine. It was a thoroughly well-affected demonstration. It was a solemn league and covenant by those in power to stay in power. It vowed fidelity to the *status quo*. It accepted with the passionate conviction of *employés* the article of faith that "whatever is is best." It was dignified, besides, with the presence of a real Under Secretary of State, and this actuality, like the "real" horse in a pantomime, imparted a style of superiority and a sense of legitimacy to the whole proceedings, which distinguished them most favourably from the performance in any rival house. Indeed, the eye, wearied with the sensation transparencies of "ugly rushes" and of agitated "masses," which the opposition on both sides has lately held forth, rests with a sense of relief on the fairy and rose-tinted bowers of Ministerial Perfection which the Royal servants exhibited to their friends at Maldon. Alas that, in such weather, a transformation scene cannot last for ever! Alas for the cold dawn of to-morrow, when it will all have tumbled to pieces in a wreck of wooden flats and flies, of old rags and whitewash, with only a smell of sulphur and escaping gas to recall the associations of after-dinner enchantments! Ah, well! at least there is a time of oblivion first to come; let us go to bed now with the glory in our thoughts, and put off the idea of to-morrow's work till to-morrow comes.

So our human sympathies are all on the side of the Maldon entertainment and its pleasant illusions. But there are some miserable people in the world who refuse to accept illusions, and who, like tiresome matter-of-fact children, insist on asking what a toy is good for. If any such question should be put in reference to the Maldon meeting, we fear that no very satisfactory answer would be ready. It pleased those present, and it will give pleasure to some quantity of elderly gentlemen throughout the country who still cherish the traditions of the great Whig party of their youth. And to give innocent pleasure to the actors and their personal friends ought to be sufficient success for any amateur theatricals. But persons who have got their heads crammed with facts and figures, who think statistics even at Christmas, and who would talk about the rights of man even after a political party dinner, cannot be expected to be pleased with such small and harmless doings. They will want to know what this great Liberal meeting in Essex met for, what policy it laid down, what answer it gave to the demands of the great Yorkshire meeting at Bradford. We can only say that these unreasonable people will be disappointed. They will not find that the Maldon Liberals, Under Secretary of State, members of Parliament, and all, mean anything more than to stay in office, and to pay the smallest possible price for the privilege. They will not find that any policy was laid down, or that the most distant allusion was made to the stir in Yorkshire. They will find scarcely an incidental reference to the question of Reform. But they will find immense credit arrogated for one thing. For twenty-five years the Whigs have kept the Tories out, and in that space of time and under these auspices the country has actually not retrograded in prosperity. Therefore follows the consequence, keep the Whigs in, and all will still be well. The fact that children have continued to be born for five-and-twenty years is due, it seems, to the Whigs; the fact that when we spend less than we make we grow richer, is due to the Whigs; and all the progress and comfort which spring from the growth of population and of wealth is therefore a direct blessing sent to us by a Whig Government. This, in plain words, is the plea of the Maldon Whigs.

It must be confessed, however, that in this theory of the past and policy of the future the worthy politicians of Essex are not entitled to the palm of discovery. We all remember how Lord Palmerston, in his post-session tour, struck the keynote of these later speeches. With ingenuous modesty, his Lordship refused to accept the proffered worship as due to himself alone; he bade his hearers remember that it was his singular fortune to be supported by the most remarkable collection of ability which had ever composed a Ministry. This graceful tribute to the manner in which Earl Russell had conducted our foreign affairs, Sir Charles Wood our Indian affairs, Sir George Grey our Home affairs, to the departmental ability which has brought us into a chronic war with New Zealand, and which balances the want of sailors to fight our ships by the want of ships in which our sailors can fight,—has furnished the direction which the Government partisans are to follow. So on every occasion since, down to the Maldon banquet, we plod wearily over the same ground. We are again and again reminded that our trade has doubled, and our taxes been lightened by eleven millions, though we spend twenty millions

more than we ever did before; we go once more through the Danish negotiations, and suffer a demonstration that everybody was wrong but Earl Russell, who was always right; we rejoice over every announcement that we did not lend a hand to stifle Italy, but stood looking on, and let her fight for herself, with only France to help her; we hear again the well-known fact that we have not meddled in the American war, for the sufficient reason that it was no business of ours; and every mail from New Zealand is made the text of telling us that we have done quite right, but must never do it again, and that as the war is now over, our troops will soon be on their way home. If sometimes flesh and blood will grow a little sick of these themes, what a reproachful look is cast on us, and what an implied suggestion of the idea that we are wearied of hearing Aristides called the Just! for surely the Minister who has been of every party must know better than any other man which is the best party; and that he who has been a member of every Government for fifty years, is entitled to be heard when he tells us that this is the best Government that ever has been. We do not deserve to have a Government which is all success and all the talents; and as we are ungrateful for the blessing, it is very likely that the next election may deprive us of it, unless in the mean time the self-sacrificing modesty of its members shall succeed, by dint of steady reiteration, in awaking us to a sense of their own matchless merits.

This, then, is the policy of the great Whig party. We see in it only one flaw—that it is, unluckily, the very policy of the great Tory party. This the Whig leaders admit, for they complain of the monstrous injustice of the Tory leaders in trying to turn them out when they did not announce that they wanted to effect any change of system. Now if both the great parties agree on their system, and go to the country on the mere question of personal eminence—which will win? Lord Derby is fiery, and Lord Palmerston dexterous; but perhaps the country may think fire more creditable than dexterity. Mr. Walpole does not profess to be brilliant; but is Sir George Grey brilliant? Sir John Pakington is pompous, and the Duke of Somerset overbearing, but Sir John gave us the *Warrior*, and the Duke refuses us turret-ships. Earl Russell and Lord Malmesbury, when they attack each other, resort to the *tu quoque* line of defence, and therefore may be left to appraise each other. So there is only Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, between whom any greater distinction can be found than reigns “twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.” No doubt here the distinction is great—Mr. Gladstone is a tower of strength, Mr. Disraeli is the unfortunate “weakest link.” But is Mr. Gladstone really a tower of strength to the pure Palmerston system? Are his sympathies with Maldon or with Bradford? Does the incidental remark of Mr. Chichester Fortescue, that “he would not detain them with the Reform question,” exactly express all that Mr. Gladstone will wish to say on the matter? The public is certainly lying under a misapprehension if this is quite the case. It understands Mr. Gladstone to have expressed a conviction that every one is entitled to the franchise who cannot be proved to be dangerous, and to hold the belief that this cannot be proved against the great body of the working men. This is a very distinct creed, and a creed quite different from any Tory doctrine. Therefore, when Mr. Gladstone is able to raise it, he will go to the country on a question of domestic policy of the highest importance, and not at all on a question of simple administrative competence. But if the Maldon Whigs succeed in staving off this question, they will only insure for their party the possession of a not very creditable minority during the next Parliament. Thorough-hearted men like those of Bradford will not vote for Maldon candidates. When both sides announce an identical policy, those who hold principles different from either will not take the trouble to support the one more than the other. Retrospective gratitude to the Whigs will hardly secure them a future working majority. No doubt, when the announcement is made, *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* all the adherents of the dynasty will crowd the levées of the new ruler. Still if the policy of learning nothing and forgetting nothing should meantime result in dethroning the old King before his death, there may be an unhappy interregnum before the new King can conquer back the domain. Maldon is fervent in its loyalty; but parasite loyalty sometimes leads the Sovereign gently to the scaffold, and the courtiers into a long and hungry exile.

THE BISHOP OF CAPETOWN'S REPLY TO BISHOP COLENZO.

THE Bishop of Capetown has now had an opportunity of vindicating before an English tribunal his extravagant pre-

tensions of episcopal authority as Metropolitan of what he calls “the Church of South Africa.” All that zeal and eloquence could do, the Queen's Advocate and Sir Hugh Cairns have done, and although the line of argument they were constrained to adopt must, as we shall show presently, be exceedingly distasteful to their own client, it must be admitted that they have left no stone unturned to obtain a decision from the Judicial Committee in his favour. It is remarkable how entirely the merits and demerits of Dr. Colenso have been for the moment lost sight of. If ever he is called on to argue the points of theology in dispute, he will probably find public opinion as strong against him now as it was two years ago. But Englishmen, while they hate heresy, are determined that even heretics shall have fair play. And thus it happens that Dr. Colenso, in his character of champion of the Royal Supremacy and opponent of priestly tyranny, has enlisted on his behalf the sympathies of thousands of his fellow-countrymen who strongly disapprove of his religious opinions. It is felt with good reason, that irresponsible power in the hands of Dr. Gray is as dangerous a weapon as a loaded gun in the hands of a lunatic. To-day it may be levelled against error, but to-morrow it may be aimed at Evangelical truth.

In order to defeat the appellant, Dr. Gray's counsel applied themselves to establish two propositions; first, that a Metropolitan can deprive a suffragan, and secondly, that he can deprive him finally, without giving him any right of appeal. As we anticipated last week, they relied, whilst on the first head of their argument, almost exclusively upon the precedent furnished by the case of Dr. Watson, the Bishop of St. David's, in the time of William III. There a suffragan certainly was deprived by the Primate; but, as we have already pointed out, the bad character and Jacobite tendencies of the defendant subtract somewhat from the value of this authority. Such as it was, however, it was acted on, with the acquiescence of the law officers of the Crown, in the case of the unhappy Bishop of Clogher, in 1822. Mr. James, in his reply for Dr. Colenso, endeavoured to distinguish Dr. Watson's case, and pointed out the singular circumstance that throughout the whole history of the Christian Church before the Reformation, not one solitary suffragan was ever deprived by his Metropolitan. The only recorded instance in which an English prelate was ever tried for heresy was in the reign of Henry VI., and there the offender, Bishop Pecocke, would have been deprived by the Pope at the King's request, had he not retracted his errors. The story is picturesquely told by the bishop's biographer. Pecocke had created a strong prejudice against himself by writing “on profound subjects” in the English language, and by an audacious statement that the opinions of the doctors of the Church were only to be received when consistent with reason. He had also been heard to say, “Pooh-pooh!” when those opinions were quoted. Eventually, he was charged with saying that the Apostles' Creed was not written by the Apostles, and with making a new creed of his own. The Primate cited him to appear at Lambeth, and ordered him to bring his books with him. But, when the Bishop appeared, there was no attempt to try him. His books were referred to twenty-four doctors, who, as we might expect, took their revenge on the audacious writer who had “pooh-poohed” their infallibility. They reported that Pecocke was guilty of heresies which they were prepared, they said, to prove, not before the Primate, but “in full canonicals before the King in Council.” The trial, accordingly, took place before that tribunal; but the accused saved himself from punishment by voluntary resignation. The obnoxious books were burnt by the repentant author himself at St. Paul's Cross.

In addition to this old case, there are numerous instances in the reigns of the Tudors, after the King had become the head of the Church and the possessor of the powers once wielded by the Pope, of bishops being deprived by Royal commission. Thus Bonner was deprived for “opposing the Reformation.” These cases, along with Pecocke's, may be set off against that of Dr. Watson, so that the power of the Metropolitan to deprive may still be considered an open question. We do not venture to hazard a prophecy as to what will be the decision of the Judicial Committee upon it; but we may observe that, if they should hold a Royal Commission to be the appropriate tribunal, a most desirable uniformity of process in ecclesiastical causes will be established. If, on the other hand, they should think that a Metropolitan may deprive, it will still remain uncertain how a Metropolitan himself may be deprived. The Queen's Advocate, in answer to the Lord Chancellor, suggested a General Council and Sir Hugh Cairns an *ex post facto* Act of Parliament. The former suggestion is vague, and, indeed, almost unmeaning, and the second is as obnoxious as a bill of attainder. Yet some machinery ought

to exist to meet a possible, though not a probable case. Happily a heretic archbishop is a portent unknown in English church history. But with Dr. Gray's marvellous performances in his "synod" in our memory, we cannot feel sure that no occasion will ever arise for the trial of a refractory Metropolitan.

The second point insisted on by the Bishop of Capetown's counsel was, that, assuming his power to deprive Dr. Colenso, he had power to deprive him without giving him, at all events in the present stage of the proceedings, any right of appeal to the Privy Council. If Dr. Gray's letters patent were valid and conferred coercive jurisdiction, then Dr. Colenso could only appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Or supposing them invalid, so far as they pretended to create coercive jurisdiction, still Dr. Colenso, it was contended, was bound by their provisions, inasmuch as they contained some of the terms of the contract he had entered into with Dr. Gray by taking the oath of canonical obedience. In either case the Primate should have been applied to in the first instance, and the cause, having thus been turned into the ordinary channels of English ecclesiastical causes, would in due time have been heard before the Judicial Committee. The appellant, therefore, had come too soon; and he had equally come too soon if the third view of the case were adopted, and the whole trial at Capetown were conceded to have been irregular, and therefore null and void. In that case he should have taken no notice of the sentence, but have quietly returned to his diocese. If, afterwards, he had been interfered with by Dr. Gray, he might, like Mr. Long, have applied for an "interdict" in the colonial courts, whence, again, an appeal would lie to the Privy Council.

Dr. Colenso of course denies that he is in any way bound by the letters patent of his Metropolitan, which are later in date, and, as he says, in derogation of his own. He therefore claims the right of a direct appeal to her Majesty, or, supposing the whole proceedings before Dr. Gray to have been void, he claims from her, as the holder of her letters patent, a declaration that they are so, and that his *status* is unaffected by them. She has referred his prayer to the only Court, either at home or abroad, which can decide on the merits of the case and finally settle the matters in dispute. Whatever may be the judgment of the Committee, we hardly can suppose it possible that they will find it necessary to send the parties now before them back to South Africa to fight their quarrel out before an obscure colonial tribunal, and in the presence of that heathen population whom it was the mission of both prelates to win to Christianity. Clerical controversies do mischief enough in England, but they become still more lamentable when they occur at a missionary station. Our readers are now in possession of the arguments on both sides of this great constitutional case. Whether Dr. Gray or Dr. Colenso is victorious, the decision will be equally important to the Church, and we may add equally fatal to Dr. Gray's exalted view of his own episcopal authority. His counsel may be said to have abandoned all hope of proving that he could *finally* adjudicate on the heresies of his suffragan. "It is no part of my argument," said Sir Hugh Cairns, more than once, "to say that there is no appeal; I only say that there is no appeal *now*." So acute an advocate saw that it would be impossible to vindicate the position his client had assumed. Dr. Gray must submit, as he will now learn from the mouth of his own counsel, to see his decisions revised and perhaps reversed. The lofty ideas he entertains of the powers of a Metropolitan, although they were indorsed as correct by the Bishop of Oxford in Convocation, turn out to be entirely unfounded. Unless he is content to acknowledge the supremacy of his Sovereign, he can hardly consistently retain the position and *prestige* of an English bishop. His views of Church government may be correct, but they are not those of the Church of England. Fortunately for her liberties, the right to determine questions of vast and even vital importance to her welfare is not vested in Metropolitans or "Synods," but in a Court not altogether satisfactory in its constitution, perhaps, but whose calm impartiality is far above the tempest of theological passion and the temptations of theological prejudice.

TRAVERS v. WILDE.

THE case which occupied the attention of the Irish Court of Common Pleas last week is certainly one of the strangest that was ever brought into a court of justice, whether we regard the social condition of the parties or their conduct. In form it was an action of libel against the female defendant, while in fact it accused the male defendant of the highest offence of which a man can be guilty towards a woman. If there was no ground

for that charge, the audacity with which the plaintiff for months sought by any means to make it public, and, in a manner, unsexed herself in order to proclaim the dishonour she had suffered, and not only suffered but condoned, would lead us to believe that the imputation of insanity which she says Sir W. Wilde made against her was not without grounds. But her audacity in making this charge was met upon his part with so evident a disinclination to bring it to an issue, that we are constrained to believe that in some way or other he had committed himself with her in a manner which would not bear the light. Again and again she threw down her gage, and as often as she did so he refused the challenge. The libel upon her character upon which she dragged him into Court was nothing in comparison with the calumny against him which she had bruited publicly in the streets of Dublin and Bray, and which, unless it had proceeded from a notorious madwoman, no man who felt himself perfectly clear would have borne, much less a professional man, to whom reputation is the breath of life. But Sir W. Wilde took no steps to clear his character from the dreadful charge which Miss Travers brought against him, nor did he, even when she seemed to have driven him into a corner from which escape was impossible, venture into the witness-box to deny it upon his oath. It does not, indeed, follow that it was true. But it is not the least remarkable feature in the case that he should have declined an opportunity which it seemed hardly possible to avoid of asserting his innocence.

Sir W. Wilde has long been favourably known in Dublin as a skilful aurist and oculist, and, apart from his professional merits, he occupies, and deservedly, a high position in Irish society as the author of several works of merit, as a leading member of the Royal Irish Academy, and as a man of hitherto irreproachable character; and in consideration of his public services he received, in January last, the honour of knighthood from Earl Carlisle. Lady Wilde, co-defendant with her husband in the late action, has also some pretensions to literary fame. She wrote many of the most stirring poems which appeared in the *Nation* before the outbreak of 1848; and when Gavan Duffy was prosecuted for some of these productions, she stood up in the gallery of the Court and openly avowed her authorship. Miss Travers is the daughter of Dr. Travers, professor in the Dublin University, and sub-librarian of Marsh's library. She is described as a person of lady-like appearance, with a handsome and intellectual face; but it would appear that, owing to the separation of her parents and the studious and eccentric habits of her father, she and her sisters have been left without the control and admonition which might have saved her from the peril into which she has been brought. Ten years ago she first formed the acquaintance of Dr. Wilde, whom she consulted for incipient deafness, and from that time an intimacy more or less familiar seems to have existed between her and the Wilde family, but more particularly between her and Sir William Wilde. He lent her books, and she discussed their merits with him. From lending her books, he proceeded to lend her money. In 1860, observing that she had not her watch with her, and drawing from her the confession that she had pawned it, he gave her £2 to redeem it, and told her to borrow from him whenever she required it. These money transactions do not rest solely on her evidence. Letters were produced which show that they had existed. Others establish the fact that the friendly interest which redeemed the lady's watch had warmed into very strong familiarity. In one Dr. Wilde writes to her, "Do, dear friend, come in for a few hours, and I will get whatever you want for you." In another he writes, "Many thanks, dear Mary;" and in a third, "My dear friend, I received your note. Why don't you come to me? Come in for a moment." There is nothing in these expressions which, taken by themselves, can be construed into impropriety. They may easily be explained upon the theory of a paternal friendship. But when an elderly married man permits himself to take a paternal interest in a good-looking and intellectual young woman, there is danger that he will end by entertaining towards her feelings which are something more than paternal. It may be said in Dr. Wilde's favour, that he pitied the friendless and impecuniose state of his patient. But we do not see in the evidence anything to favour the belief that Mrs. Wilde—the knighthood had not been conferred at this time—shared the strong interest her husband was taking in Miss Travers. Delicacy, prudence, propriety, would have suggested that, if pecuniary assistance was to be rendered to this young lady, it would have been more considerate of her feelings, and more correct in point of conduct, for Dr. Wilde to render it through his wife, and not directly. But the evidence goes to show that Miss Travers was his friend, not Mrs. Wilde's. That lady, indeed, though she occasionally invited Miss Travers to her

house, took an opportunity of markedly telling her that she was not one of her intimate friends. There is no doubt, however, that she was one of the most intimate of her husband's. His letters prove this. His eagerness to possess her photograph when she was about to proceed to Australia proves it, as well as the sums he lent her to pay the expenses of her voyage. There was certainly, to say the least of it, a very warm friendship between them. Whether on his part, as Miss Travers alleges, it proceeded to criminal lengths, is morally, though not legally, the issue which was last week tried.

Miss Travers asserts upon her oath the affirmative of this proposition, and says that in a moment of unconsciousness, she being at the time in his study, Dr. Wilde obtained possession of her person. We have not had the advantage of hearing what he has to say with reference to this charge. It is difficult to believe it; but it would have been easy upon his part to deny it, if he had chosen to do so. There are strong grounds for doubting it when we consider that Miss Travers visited him afterwards, and received the loan of money from him. Out of one of these loans she states that she purchased a dress and tickets for a Masonic ball. All this is quite inconsistent with the assertion that she had been outraged. On the other hand, some of the loans were forced upon her by Sir W. Wilde, and returned, while others were extorted under threat. Lady Wilde's letter to her father, the libel on which Miss Travers brought her action, partly testifies to this latter fact. Still stronger evidence to show that Dr. Wilde's paternal interest in his patient had degenerated, is to be found in the letters he addressed to her subsequently to the alleged violation. In one he writes, "Make your mind easy; your revenge will be sufficient;" in another, "Do keep quiet, dear, for a while, and think what is best to be done. I am utterly sleepless. I feel for you, but you don't feel for me;" in a third, after she had attempted suicide by drinking off a dose of laudanum in his study, "Poor Mary,—God help you and me. I have read the letter through and through. Let me help you, you have nearly killed me;" in a fourth, "That you will do everything you say I have no doubt. The measure of revenge will and must be filled up. What this new cause is I cannot tell—I am unconscious. It must, however, be borne. Sooner or later, the revenge must come, I see. What you want to be done I cannot guess; pray state it;" in a fifth, "Make your mind easy, your revenge will be quite successful. Only just state what you require." What could have been the antecedent relations between this man and woman which drew from him such expressions? He anticipates the fulfilment of her revenge—for what? He complains of passing sleepless nights, of his commiseration for her and her want of it for him—why? He places himself abjectly at her disposal, and asks her to name her own terms—not surely for any mere paternal interest he had taken in her.

Of spite and malignity and folly, of unwomanly daring and fiendish cunning and impetuosity, it would be difficult to have a more remarkable specimen than Miss Travers. On her own showing, her conduct deserves not a particle of sympathy, even if it could be proved without doubt that Dr. Wilde had treated her as she asserts. It is even doubtful if she would have resented whatever wrong she may have suffered at his hands, had it not been for certain slights which she received at the hands of his wife. For months after the alleged outrage she continued to visit him, subjecting him to such petty annoyances, according to her statement, as putting garlic into his handkerchief, and into the soap-tray in the room in which he received his patients. Her first substantial act of revenge was to review in a bitter and hostile spirit a book translated from the German by Lady Wilde. Her next was to publish a pamphlet entitled "Florence Boyle Price, a Warning," in which, under feigned names, she detailed all the transactions between herself and Dr. Wilde, but representing the outrage to have been perpetrated by the aid of chloroform, a statement which she admits to have been false, but excuses by saying: "I required to think of something treacherous, and hit upon chloroform as better than truth." When Sir W. Wilde, in April last, gave a lecture at the Metropolitan Hall to the Church of England Young Men's Society, she hired boys to sell the pamphlets at the door of the hall, and supplied one of them with a bell to attract attention, while he cried out "Sir William Wilde's Letters," which she had had printed on fly-sheets to supplement the pamphlet. She had placards also exhibited, with the words "Sir William Wilde and Speranza," to excite greater curiosity, "Speranza" being the name under which Lady Wilde was known to the literary world. She took news-boys down to Bray, when Lady Wilde was residing there with her children, and directed them to hawk the pamphlets about at the

houses on the Esplanade. For months Lady Wilde's house was deluged with these brochures. They were sent to her friends, they were dropped upon the Rathmines road, they came to her anonymously through the post, or were dropped into her letter-box. But though the alleged outrage took place on the 14th or 16th of October, 1862, the pamphlet was not published and disseminated in this way until after the 13th of August, 1863. On that day Miss Travers called on Mrs. Wilde and sent up her card. Mrs. Wilde refused to see her, and passed her by in the hall. Then, but not till then, the full measure of Miss Travers's wrath broke forth. And the inference is justifiable that it was not the great wrong which she says Dr. Wilde did her that made it explode, but the affront she had received from his wife. In the following October the pamphlet made its appearance, a year after the outrage, and six weeks after the affront.

Still, mad, petty, spiteful, and venomous as Miss Travers's conduct was, we look in vain for a satisfactory explanation of the fact that though his wife had cut her, though Miss Travers had published a horrible accusation against him, Sir William Wilde kept up his correspondence with her, and on the day when he was knighted, in January last, sent her £3, which she returned. We cannot understand how, with that pamphlet before him, with the knowledge certainly in April last that he was meant by the Dr. Quilp who figured as its hero, and that Florence Boyle Price meant Miss Travers, he should have taken no steps to vindicate himself from the calumny it levelled at him. It is open to remark, also, that when Lady Wilde wrote to Dr. Travers the libel complained of, he should have known nothing of it until Miss Travers brought her action. It is hardly to be supposed that if his conduct had been quite clear Lady Wilde would have taken upon herself, without consulting him, or informing him of what she had done, so important a step as the writing of that letter. "You may not be aware," she wrote, "of the disreputable conduct of your daughter at Bray, where she consorts with all the low newspaper boys in the place, employing them to disseminate offensive placards, in which my name is given, and also tracts in which she makes it appear that she has had an intrigue with Sir William Wilde. If she chooses to disgrace herself, that is not my affair; but as her object in insulting me is the hope of extorting money, for which she has several times applied to Sir William Wilde, with threats of more annoyance if not given, I think it right to inform you that no threat or additional insult shall ever extort money for her from our hands. The wages of disgrace she has so basely treated for and demanded shall never be given to her." Why did Lady Wilde conceal from her husband the fact that she had written such a letter? What did she mean by "the wages of disgrace"?

That she acted with propriety in writing to Dr. Travers we do not question; and though it is admitted that her letter was a libel, the jury exercised a sound discretion in giving Miss Travers only a farthing damages. As between the two ladies, our sympathies must be with the insulted wife, not with the infuriated spinster. But that Lady Wilde was forced to fight her own battle, and fend off as well as she could the intolerable persecution to which she was subjected, is a fact which, as much as any we have cited, throws doubt upon the conduct of her husband. When a man is powerless to defend his wife from insult levelled at her through him, there must have been a fault somewhere in his conduct, though we confess we put no faith in the main offence which Miss Travers lays to his charge.

SICK CHILDREN.

Few things in life are more piteous than the sufferings of a sick child. Perhaps, if we came to reason about the matter, we should find a still profounder sadness in the condition of a sick man or woman; for the adult is more conscious of his state and of all that it implies, and is oppressed, as the child cannot be, with a sense of duties deferred, of plans broken off, of responsibilities to others rendered impossible of discharge, of an incomplete past and a doubtful future. But on these occasions we do not think so much as feel; and our feelings are touched in the case of the child more than in that of the grown-up person, to whom suffering, in all degrees and forms, seems but too natural. Childhood we are apt to associate (somewhat blindly, it is to be feared) with uniform cheerfulness and enjoyment; and, at any rate, there is something extremely pathetic in the contrast between the blithe activity of a healthy child and the terrible repose or feverish restlessness of one struck down by a serious ailment. Unfortunately it happens that children are peculiarly liable to disease. There

is a whole class of maladies which seem specially prepared for the affliction of infancy and adolescence, and from which maturer years are saved; and, besides these, the young are subject to many of the complaints of after-life as well. Measles and scarlatina, small-pox and water on the brain, hooping-cough and diphtheria, besides a host of others, lie in wait for the little creatures even before they can run alone; and, if they get safely past these, they are threatened in many other ways from day to day. A chill, a fall, a fright, a want of sufficient nourishment, or an excess of it—a hundred little things which, when the frame grows stronger, are thrown off with almost total impunity—plunge the child into weeks of sickness, and not infrequently end in death. If this be the case in the well-to-do classes, how much more is it so among the poor, whose children—not always from the unkindness of their parents, but often from hard necessity—are left to take their chance in the battle of existence, and to sink or struggle through, according as Nature has given them a weak or a sturdy constitution. The ancient Spartans had a grim custom of getting rid of all sickly infants, as not being fitted for the rough work of the world; and the humbler classes of our own time and country are compelled to proceed, as a matter of fact, on much the same principle. They cannot shelter the frail blossoms that need so much artificial warmth and tendence to save them from extinction; they know that they are born to speedy death; and they comfort themselves with the reflection that a feeble boy or girl is out of place among the iron conditions of their toiling world, and that it is "all for the best" when they die. But, in the meanwhile, before the kindly release arrives, the miseries of the poor infants are lamentable to see or to contemplate. Sickness with all the palliations of wealth is bad enough; but sickness with poverty—sickness with insufficient food, with damp and ill-warmed rooms, with precarious medical attendance, with defective medicine, with little or no nurture, and with nothing to relieve the monotony of pain and the languor of disease—this, which is the fate of thousands of unhappy children around us at the present moment, is indeed one of the saddest episodes in the history of life.

Rather more than twelve years ago, some benevolent ladies and gentlemen, powerfully impressed with the misery we have been describing, set themselves to work to provide a remedy—as far, that is to say, as the small means at their disposal permitted them to go. After a good deal of preliminary agitation of the subject, an asylum for the sick children of the poor was opened in one of the large old mansions in Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, W.C. At first (though her Majesty kindly became the patroness of the institution), the funds in the hands of the committee were but small, and only eighteen beds could be made up. The applicants, however, were equally few for some time, the poor requiring to be accustomed to the idea, or perhaps to be made acquainted with the fact that such a place had been opened for their especial benefit. After awhile, the applicants became so numerous that it was often found necessary to refuse cases for sheer want of room. The utmost number of in-patients which can be received is sixty-two; and, when it is borne in mind that more than 25,000 children under ten years of age die in London every year, and that, owing to the imperfect knowledge of children's diseases to which medical men confess, this mortality scarcely diminishes with the great spread of sanitary precautions, it will be understood that sixty-two beds go but a little way towards the alleviation of the particular form of suffering with which this institution deals. A larger building is required; and indeed it is clear that no one building can be sufficient to answer the wants in this respect of so vast a metropolis. Every poor neighbourhood should have its Sick Children's Hospital; and the rich neighbourhoods should look to it that they be supplied. It is surprising how much more might be done than is done, even in this charitable country, for the relief of the needy and suffering. We are not wanting in the best intentions, but we are inclined, all of us, to be appalled and paralyzed sometimes at the enormous magnitude of the evils with which we are called upon to contend. This is the great difficulty in the way of all philanthropic effort. It is not indifference to human affliction which so often stays the hand of the wealthy; it is rather the stupor of despair at measuring the vastness of the work to be accomplished, and observing the small results of individual efforts at amelioration, however generously conceived or energetically carried out. This is especially the case in London. In comparatively small towns, the enemy does not seem beyond the power of grappling with. Here, on the other hand, the incubus of poverty and disease appears to acquire the size, weight, and fatal immobility of a nightmare; and, in time, too many of us

cease even to struggle. This is a form of resignation, however, which is the very contrary of a virtue; and the good achieved by such establishments as the asylum in Great Ormond-street should rouse us to more courageous views. During the time of its existence, the Hospital for Sick Children has received 4,250 in-patients, and has extended relief to 100,105 out-patients. In 1863 alone, the in-patients were 573, and the out-patients 11,224; while beyond these numbers lie those who would have been most cheerfully admitted, or otherwise attended to, had the funds allowed, but to whom the managers were compelled to give a reluctant negative.

The hospital is open to the inspection of visitors every day between the hours of twelve and four o'clock, and a glance at its arrangements will show the careful kindness with which it is managed. Considering that the house is in the thick of town, the situation is remarkably airy. Within a few doors lies the long, wide, old-fashioned square called Queen-square, with trees and grass and quiet, freshening up the somewhat dingy houses of the heavy Dutch period, and acting as a reservoir of air to the surrounding streets. At the back of the hospital extends a spacious garden, very serviceable for such of the children as have sufficiently recovered to run about. Upstairs is the sick room, broad and lofty, with pannelled walls and folding doors. Here are the sixty-two little beds with the sixty-two little sufferers—each bed provided with a horizontal tray attached to the bedstead, and so arranged that it will hold conveniently whatever it may be necessary to put on it, and can be moved to and fro at pleasure. The supply of books and playthings is ample. Here you may see one little thing reading the Bible; there, another conning some pictured story-book; a third, too young to read, gazing at a number of coloured pictures on indestructible material; a fourth, playing with the most gorgeous and fascinating toys. The toys, in truth, may well be of the best, for they come from the Queen, who, together with the young Princes and Princesses, has taken great interest in the hospital, and sent it many presents. Another room is devoted to the use of the convalescents, and there are also separate homes for the convalescent both at Mitcham and Brighton. But the hospital itself does not merely receive sick children; it has a room on the ground-floor which is used as a nursery for healthy infants, the advantages of which may be had by mothers of the working classes for two-pence a day. The medical attendance seems to be unexceptionable; religious knowledge is imparted by a clergyman who regularly visits the hospital; and many benevolent ladies go there from time to time, carrying with them the comfort and brightness which only women can bring into the chamber of sickness and of weary trouble.

This is the institution which Mr. Dickens—always alive to any shape of human need or act of kindness, and especially so where children are concerned—described so touchingly in the December number of *Our Mutual Friend*. The service of so powerful a pen should be worth thousands to the hospital; but we cannot refrain at this season of the year from adding our own voice to those which have preceded us in calling attention to this excellent charity, and its need of funds. We are now on the very eve of our great Christian festival, and there is no way in which we can so thoroughly fulfil the spirit of the religion we profess as by remembering the poor, the sick, and the unhappy. In our rejoicings this Christmas, let us think of the sick children and their home in Great Ormond-street, and, so thinking, we shall not be slow to act.

THE TRADITIONAL ADMIRALTY POLICY.

In every relation of life good faith and honesty is regarded as, in the long run, "the best policy." How the Naval Service should have worked so well, ruled by a policy of large promises and false performances, is a mystery! How this policy of broken faith should survive every wholesale change in the political Board at Whitehall and attain a traditional character, is equally mysterious! Gallant admirals have frequently entered the Admiralty pledged to destroy this traditional policy. But a brief term of office has sufficed to cool their courage and relieve them of the idea that they were going to rule the Navy justly. Experience showed them that they were simply clerks, retained to sign endless papers, the very headings of which they had hardly time to read; whilst the real ruling powers were confided to the stationary gentlemen unknown to fame who are commonly supposed to be the clerks. It is, we suppose, through these gentlemen that the policy is made traditional, though we can hardly credit them with originating it. As an illustration of its working under the old system prior to 1853, men joining the navy as a means

of livelihood soon became unfitted for other employment. A tacit agreement was made with these men to give them, within certain limits, continuous work; yet it frequently happened that ships were paid off, and their crews disbanded without preparing other ships to receive them. The seamen, not usually characterized by provident habits, soon ran through their previous three years' wages, and then besieged the dock-yard gates daily to know when certain ships which were being brought forward would be commissioned. Day after day this continued, till their money was all gone, their clothes all pawned, and starvation staring them in the face. The workhouse, the colonies, the merchant service, or foreign navies, were their only alternatives. "Crimps" were not wanting for the two latter services, and as time advanced the men disappeared. Then, and not till then, the required ships were commissioned, placards were issued, and officers were sent to haunt public-houses and similar resorts, to tout for men. The trained men-of-war's man had already crossed the seas, and any human biped who could be picked up was disguised in a blue suit and called a sailor. Marvellous promises were made in these extremities which were never meant to be performed. Still, with every allurements, ships had to remain four and five months waiting at the outports for crews. The present evil tided over, the promises were all forgotten, and the breach of faith which created the exigency which leads to those false promises was repeated over and over again, with tiresome sameness, and without teaching the single lesson of good faith.

The new system binding seamen to ten years "continuous service," originated in 1853, had to encounter not only the ill effects of broken faith, but the pressure of the Russian war calling for every available seaman. Lavish promises and countless attractions, placarded on ship-board and at all the outports, revealed the penitent Admiralty cringing on their knees to their injured men. Conspicuous for its type at this juncture was the assurance that the commissioned ranks would be opened to reward distinguished merit "before the mast." To give this attraction the appearance of reality, the details of the outfit money, &c., to be given to the promoted seaman, were italicised on the placards. Indeed, so straightforward appeared the promise that even intelligent officers in command, taught by a life's experience to believe only in Admiralty performances, were now misled into believing its promises. The admirals in the Baltic thinking a lieutenant's commission should be the reward rather of individual ability and general capacity than of a single act of personal bravery, selected and recommended for promotion certain warrant officers who had risen from the seaman's rank, and had a peculiar fitness for doing credit to the lieutenant's rank. Their captains would have been proud to have them on the quarter-deck, the officers would have gladly welcomed them as messmates, and the admirals thought the opportunity a good one for encouraging the fleet. The necessary inquiries as to past certificates and antecedents, which more than sustained the high opinion of the Baltic officers, had made the matter public. The eyes of the fleet were upon this innovation, which, for once, every officer hailed with delight; but to the seamen it was a strong test of the good faith of the many other promises under which they had embraced the ten years continuous service system. The train was well laid, a blow up was expected, and true enough a "blow up" came, not to the seamen, but to the admirals who had been gulled into putting faith in the Admiralty Circular, which was never acted on, but was eventually rescinded about six years afterwards, having served its purpose in a trying emergency, though it left a sore impression behind it of the unchangeable nature of the traditional Admiralty policy.

But it is not alone, in such marked instances, that broken faith and false assurances provoke discontent. During the Russian war, mutinies were no uncommon thing in the ships visiting our home ports; and it was remarked as strange that the mutineers were not, as a rule, the new and raw levies, but the old men-of-war's men. Every mutiny had for its origin a plighted troth broken for no adequate purpose. Ships' crews arriving in England, after four or five years' absence, were dispatched up the Baltic immediately, without touching the shore, under the solemn promise of extended leave on their return. Others, returning from the Baltic, were dispatched to the West Indies to winter, when the Russian flag was known to be entirely swept from the seas. The men demurred, and asked for a few weeks' leave—the same as others. The then first sea Lord personally assured those seamen that they would return from the West Indies in the spring, and have the same indulgence as was then being enjoyed by the rest of the fleet. They did return; they asked for leave, and were offered forty-eight hours. They said truly they had been promised six

weeks; their captain got a wiggling for reminding my Lords of their plighted word; and at last these men got a fortnight to go to the different ends of the three kingdoms, to see their wives and families.

Now, the evil committed by such breaches of faith does not terminate when the subject is forgotten at Whitehall. The remembrance of them lives in the almost daily conversation of the men for years, and is passed down to the rising generation as a sample of what they must expect. The frequent recurrence of similar treatment in individual cases, keeps open the wound. When the individual is so treated, the subject gives ample food for discussion on the lower deck, and everybody sympathizes with Jack Growler, when he tells how many months the Admiralty have kept him out of his wages, while his wife has had to pawn the bed from under her children to buy bread. Meanwhile, Somerset House clerks discuss the *Times*, and lodge the sailors' pay-papers in some neglected corner regardless of the possibility of Jack being ordered in the interim to the other end of the globe, without any provision being made for his starving children.

The traditional policy enters into countless details affecting the seaman's welfare and that of his family. And, amongst other grievances, such small matters as having to wait one, two, or three months for back wages, is productive of vexation and hardships, little thought of by the office keepers at the Admiralty. Until the traditional policy is abandoned, as a principle of action, its streams must continue to produce just discontent and low murmurings, which, however repressed by discipline, will reveal themselves occasionally as they are now doing in the unmaning of the navy. The Admiralty will find that in the long run "honesty is the best policy," and that their transactions with their subordinates will be best subjected to the universal principle which esteems good faith an essential condition of all human intercourse.

Let "my lords" so far change places with their chief clerks, as to throw upon them the responsibility of signing all formal papers, and take to themselves the duty (for which they will then have leisure) of really controlling the navy. The gallant admirals at the Board are still active and energetic men, quite capable of inaugurating reforms and removing abuses, if they will but cease to be clerks, and assume the proper duties of their high office. They will thus propitiate public opinion, disarm criticism, befriend the seaman, popularize the navy, and deserve well of the nation. A reformed Admiralty will then, we trust, institute some more creditable, honest, and truthful traditional policy.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE NORTH KENT RAILWAY.

A RAILWAY collision is bad enough under any circumstances; but when it takes place in the pitch darkness of a tunnel, its horrors are aggravated in a tenfold degree. On the open line there is at least the solace of daylight, and the possibility not only of rendering assistance where it is needed, but of quickly ascertaining the full extent of the calamity. In the tunnel, both of these advantages are wanting. The dim carriage-lamps are, until fires have been lighted, the only guides by which the passengers who have not been injured, and who retain their self-possession, are able to render assistance to those who have; and amidst the hissing of steam, the groans of sufferers, and the shrieks of women and children, the task they have to perform is one which may well try the stoutest hearts and the firmest nerves. Such a scene took place three years ago in the Clayton tunnel, near Brighton, and, not to speak of those who witnessed it, the impression upon the public mind received from the description of its horrors, is one which will never be forgotten. A similar calamity occurred on Friday week in the Blackheath tunnel of the North Kent Railway. A ballast train came to a standstill when little more than three parts through the tunnel. The rails were greasy, neither dry nor thoroughly wet. The wheels of the engine would not bite; they began to slip, and in a few seconds the engine stopped. In three or four minutes more the collision took place. The express train from Woolwich came thundering into the tunnel, ran into the ballast train, killing five platelayers who sat on the hindmost truck as the place of greatest safety, out of hand, and scattering the trucks and their contents over the tunnel. The engine of the express train was thrown across the line, and the foremost carriages heaped upon each other, the first and second broken almost to pieces. The scene was beyond all description. Amidst the wreck of the trucks lay the mangled bodies of the platelayers. From the wreck of the carriages men and women

were taken, some with ribs broken, some with fractured legs, others suffering from concussion of the brain, many more with bruises and contusions. "At a speed of thirty-five to forty miles an hour," writes one of the passengers, though his statement on this point is doubtful, "we rushed on something apparently solid, and then the horrid sound of everything in front crushing down before our carriage, which was rushing on over broken carriages, sleepers, &c., now four or five feet in the air, then dashing sideways, and then partially recovering its perpendicular as it struck against the side of the tunnel. This, of course, was the work of seconds; but, oh! those seconds to us. At last came one violent crash, and then rest and total quiet for one second, while each one seemed to draw in one great breath—but for one second only; and then the sounds! I have often heard the shrieks of the timid, but never before the groans of the severely wounded. God grant I never may again! I feel as if they never could leave me; and when in a few minutes later I got out of the carriage and went to the mass of bruised, dying, crippled, bleeding creatures, I feel, too, this sight is riveted on my vision for ever."

Now as to the cause of this accident. The Company seem to be entitled to praise for the care with which the signalling department of their line is worked. Their principle is that no train shall follow another until the signal "all clear" has been received from the station towards which it is running. Trains are frequent on the North Kent line, and the smash which occurred at Lewisham some years ago led the directors to adopt this rule, which seems to have been rigidly adhered to on Friday week. The ballast train was stopped for a quarter of an hour at Charlton, the station before the tunnel looking from Woolwich, because a coal train was ahead of it. The express passenger train in its turn was delayed at Charlton, where it would not otherwise have stopped, because the ballast train was ahead of it. After waiting twelve minutes, the signal "all clear" was given from Blackheath, the station at the other end of the tunnel, and the train proceeded on its journey, with what fatal result we know. It is admitted that all the signals were in good working order; but it is also admitted that the tunnel presents difficulties to a ballast train proceeding towards Blackheath, which render it vitally necessary that the signalman at that station should be a picked man. Mr. Chapman, the Blackheath station-master, says that, owing to the construction of the tunnel, it is not an uncommon thing for a ballast-train to come to a standstill. The gradient is 1 in 168, and somewhat steeper in the curve of the tunnel where the train stopped. Suppose that the driver, unable to bring his train through, divides it. The signalman, seeing him come out at the Blackheath end of the tunnel, signals the line "clear," the station-master at Charlton despatches the train which is waiting there, and in a few minutes it comes into collision with the portion of the line which has been left behind in the tunnel. This, indeed, does not appear to have been the mode in which the late accident occurred, if we may judge from the evidence thus far given before the coroner. It would seem to have occurred before any portion of the ballast train left the tunnel. But in this way an accident might easily occur, unless the signalman at Blackheath was an experienced and cautious hand. Now, cautious the man at this post on Friday week may have been; but certainly he was not experienced. He was, in fact, not a signalman at all, but a porter, receiving sixteen shillings a week wages, and who only occasionally was appointed to this duty, in the present instance because the man who regularly performed it was absent on sick leave. We learn, again, from the station-master, that he was "an anxiously careful man," and there is some reason for believing that he felt nervous under the responsibility which was put upon him. That he was confused at the moment when he gave the fatal signal may be concluded from the note he made of it in his book. His last entry on Friday was "4.31," and the coroner observed that he had made two "4.31's," and that there was evidence of confusion about the entry. An "anxiously-careful man" is not the man for such a post as he temporarily filled. He was, besides, at best, a makeshift, and there can be no doubt whatever that the accident was due either to his unfitness or to his over-anxiety, which comes to the same thing.

But now let us turn from the accident and the circumstances which led to it, to one of its remarkable features, from which, if they will, directors may perhaps learn a lesson which, if it will not prevent collisions, will instruct them how to weaken their force. The driver of the ballast train states, that upon its stopping in the tunnel, the guard got down to uncouple half of the train from the other half. Presently he returned and complained that the driver had moved the engine and given the train a shock. The driver replied that he had not

moved the engine, but had felt the "jar." That "jar" was the shock of the collision. It was the only evidence which those in the front of the ballast train had of an accident which had smashed the trucks at the other end to atoms. A passenger by the express train states that on inquiring at the hinder part of that train, he found that what had crushed all in front to splinters had only been felt as a rude stoppage behind, and had hardly disturbed the passengers at all; and he puts the pertinent question whether it would not be possible to place at either end of a train a van filled with mattresses stuffed with cork, so as to lessen the force of the collision, and save the lives of the passengers. Some such provision might no doubt be made, if directors were as anxious for the safety of their passengers as they are to economise money. And to ordinary minds it would seem, too, that their interests are in the end identical with those of the public, as the treasury of the North Kent Railway will prove when it has to compensate the passengers who have suffered by the late collision, for their broken ribs and fractured limbs.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN RAILWAY PASSENGERS AND GUARDS.

WE are glad to see that the demand for some communication between passengers and railway guards is making progress. The companies have been warned by the threat of Government interference to bestir themselves. Upwards of 200 plans have been submitted to the railway committees, and one of them, that of Mr. Preece, is to be tried by the London and South-Western Company. The plan is as follows:—A tassel is hung just above the passenger's head, connected by a rope to catches at the opposite corner of the carriage, and these catches in moving cause two small concealed semaphore arms to project from the carriage. The arms are connected with a small electric battery in the guard's van, and as they fall from a concealed vertical position to a horizontal projecting one they cause an electric current to be completed and ring an alarm bell in the van. This bell continues to ring while the arms project, and the latter are placed so that they can only be restored to a vertical position by the guard coming to the carriage. On his looking out these arms are very obvious by day, and by night could be made so by small lamps fixed and lighted near them. A hand-rail runs along the carriage, which lifts up or down at the doors, and by which the guard can easily and safely pass to the carriage from which an alarm proceeds. The semaphore arms, when in a horizontal position, are concealed in a neat frame which is an ornament to the carriage, and the electric wire with a hook at the end runs from the frame under the carriage, the wire of one carriage being coupled to that of another in a moment by means of the hooks. Some persons have thought that the use of electric batteries would be an objection, but these batteries are now constructed so as not to require any attention for months together. The expense of fitting up the passenger rolling stock of the London and South-Western Company would not, it is said, average 40s. a carriage.

This seems to promise well; improvements will no doubt be made, and we may expect in time to arrive at a more rational state of things than that which exists at present. That something is wanting no one can deny, and we are thankful to the Government for having given the companies the alternative of doing the work themselves or having it done for them.

THE "SANDWICH MEN."

WHEN a man can find no employment for his hands he can generally put his feet to the task of walking, and if he is not very much broken down in constitution he can carry a board behind him, and another in front of him, and by becoming a sandwich man, as long as the work lasts, to keep body and soul together. The pay is rather light, but the load is not heavy, and it seems to be the last industrial resource by which a man can keep himself out of the workhouse. But from Bow-street a decree has gone forth which declares that independence shall not enjoy this last resting-place; but that if men have no choice but to be paupers or sandwiches, they shall be the former. A sandwich, in the shape of a man, is a thing abhorrent to Mr. Superintendent Durkin's ideas of civilization, and smacks of that primary instinct which Professor Huxley tells us animates the breast of the savage not to love his neighbour but to eat him. Therefore, no more sandwich men. This is very cruel and very stupid. The men who, for a scanty meal, earned honestly and independently, carry boards before and behind them to inform us where we may buy the cheapest and best overcoats, or eat the cheapest and best dinners, are men of infirm health and broken-down constitutions, who can do this work and no other. It is tyranny of the pettiest kind to say they shall not do it, and the insult to justice and common sense is all the greater, inasmuch as there appears to be a few favoured exhibitions whose "sandwich men" are still allowed to perambulate the streets. Without notice, in the middle of winter, and with Christmas-day close upon us, when even Mr. Superintendent Durkin would not like to sacrifice his dinner to a high or a low principle, to deprive these poor fellows of the means of earning their bread is barbarous.

MURDER BEFORE WITNESSES.

It will hardly be believed that a man could be allowed to beat his wife to death almost in the presence of a crowd of neighbours, and that with the woman's shrieks in their ears not one of them should have the humanity or courage to interfere. Yet, incredible as it appears, it is true. On Saturday night last a pitman living at the colliery village called "the Spen," near Winlaton, Durham, came home after a shooting match, and finding his wife in bed, "the worse for liquor" (in which respect she was no worse than her husband), commenced a furious assault upon her. Her screams at first attracted no attention, but at length "the uproar became so terrible and fierce, the shouts of some one within the cottage so agonizing," that the neighbours mustered up sufficient courage to gather round the door in order "to ascertain the cause." They "ascertained" that some one was using the fire-irons and dealing deadly blows with them, to which some one else was replying with groans and cries. They knocked at the door, again "to ascertain the cause;" and as no one opened it, it occurred to them that they had better open it themselves. But when the husband called out that he would shoot the first person that attempted to come in, they took counsel of prudence, and withdrew. By-and-by Atkinson, the husband, came out, and for a quarter-of-an-hour walked about talking with them. At the end of that time he said to one of them, "I'll go back and finish the ——" Good as his word, which they could not misunderstand, he went back, not a man or woman amongst them interfering, recommenced the assault upon his wife, and continued it until he became alarmed by seeing that she was really dying. But not till he invited them did the neighbours enter his cottage, when they found the woman lying upon the floor, a shocking mass of blood and bruises. They were just in time to lift her upon the bed, when she gave two sighs and expired. The floor was literally covered with blood and hair. The poker, tongs, and coal-rake were covered with clotted blood and matted hair, and were bent with the blows he had dealt with them upon his wretched wife. The handle of the fire-shovel was smashed, and the handle of the house-brush broken in two places. The woman herself presented a dreadful spectacle. Her limbs were torn to pieces, and the features of her face entirely obliterated. Savage and hideous as such a murder is, its ferocity is hardly more shocking than the cowardice of the wretches who stood by and permitted it.

THE GREENWICH UNION.

From the police reports we learn that it is the practice of the Greenwich Union, when they have to execute a warrant for the transfer to Ireland of the poor who have become chargeable to the Union, to put them under the care of an aged pauper who takes them on board the Cork steam-boat, and then leaves them to find their way to their Irish settlements with some small stores of tea, sugar, bread and meat, and a few shillings. This poor old man was summoned before the Thames Police-court on Tuesday, to answer a charge of deserting a woman who only a month before was confined in the Greenwich workhouse, and whom he should have conducted with her child to her settlement in Killarney. He took her on board the *Ibis*, paid her fare as a deck passenger, and left her there. She reached Cork with the warrant in her hand, but finding no one, as she had been led to expect, to take her on to Killarney, she applied for relief. The guardians very properly sent her back to England with a view to redress the injustice she had received, and instructed their solicitor to bring the case before the police-court. From the evidence of an inspector of the Thames Police, it appears that Sherman, the pauper who "deserted" Hannen has frequently put persons on board the Cork packet-boats, and "deserted" them in the same way. But this is really not a question as to the conduct of an aged pauper who has no option but to carry out the instructions given him. It is the persons who give those instructions who should be brought to book. The way in which this young Irishwoman and her child were despatched to Ireland was doubly illegal; first, in the fact that no one were sent with them, and next, because the cabin fare was not paid. What bowels of compassion can men have who would send as a deck-passenger, on a voyage of three days and nights, and in the month of December, a young woman who had only a month before been confined?

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.—On Tuesday night the Westminster scholars gave their third and last performance of the "Phormio," a play eminently suited—even from among the plays of Terence—for the purposes of acting. What may be fairly called the Protagonistic part was admirably sustained by Mr. Nichols as Phormio, a parasite by name and trade, but a good-natured fellow in his way, and not so bad withal in more ways than one. The henpecked husband, Chremes, and his shrewish spouse, Nausistrata, were acted to perfection by Messrs. Williams and Shapter, while Messrs. Harrison and Mure were thoroughly true to nature as the witty and clever slaves, Geta and Davus. The curtain fell (as on the two previous nights of performance), amidst rounds of applause, and both the Prologue and Epilogue were lustily cheered by the audience. The latter is a droll "skit," in Latin Elegiacs, upon our would-be Public School and University Reformers, and we regret that we have not room to give it at length. The Prologue, which is of a more moderate compass, and is composed, according to ancient custom, in Iambic Trimeters, was delivered, in

very good taste and with much feeling, by the Captain of the school, Mr. Briscoe: it ran as follows:—

Salvete, O quicquid huc amicorum pedem
Tulit! Intra nostra extraque adhuc penetralia
Similia restant omnia: nil motum loco est.
Qui transmarinas cunque agat gentes furor,
Sive ultra justos finitimorum limites
Saliunt avaræ, seu nefanda sanguinis
Ardet fraterni fratrum in cordibus sitis,
Rerum novarum seu tenet cives amor—
Abominamur ista: hic nil ejusmodi est.
Hic præter omnes nobis ridet angulus
Terrarum; pax hic et fides rempublicam
Mutua perenni confirmarunt vinculo:
Parens est populi Princeps, inque Principem
Populus vicissim certat officio suam,
Bonaque tenello flosculo omnia comprecans
Lætatur auctam prole regiam domum.
Parvam quoque—absit invidia dicto velim—
Patriæ hic apud nos universæ imaginem
Videte: vicis urbis ut è strepitibus
In hæc preventum est claustra, quæ tranquillitas,
Quam grata pax sedata mulcet pectora!
Loci situs sic Angliæ statum refert;
Nec patriis nos discrepamus moribus:
Nobismet ipsis ac majorum regulâ
Vivitur ad hos, diuque vivatur, Lares:
Ut siquid forte tempus et ratio ferat
Cautaque amantique hoc refingatur manu:
Sed nequid temere, nequid inconsultius
Mutetur unquam; actoque tempori pia
Recentiores jungat relligio dies:
Sic porro priscis immorari in sedibus
Umbras majorum* crediderim, atque Ipsum vias
Favere super antiquas stantibus Deum! †
Tuque adeo, primâ jam qui dignaris vice
Venerande Præses, ‡ his adesce lusibus,
Dic, nonne te tua, quam colis, Clio docet
Quam sanctæ patrum sit colenda memoria,
Præterita quantum sæcula tulerint boni?
Si modo, quod ipsum te præstare novimus,
Avitum vivat in nepotibus decus:
Nec illa nobis laus abest: nec jam tacet
Titulos alumni quos ferant, Oxonia. §

It is almost needless to add that the resolve of Westminster stare super antiquas vias, and also the allusion to the little Prince as flosculus tenellus, were received with loud applause in so Conservative and so loyal an assemblage. Among the company present were the Dean, the Bishop of Oxford, Canons Nepean, Jennings, and Hawkins; Lord C. Russell, Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., M.P., Mr. Justice Shee, the Right Hon. R. Lowe, M.P., &c.—*Guardian*.

PARIS ON THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS.—The pre-occupations of the season oppose themselves to all political or financial movement, and the Bourse and the Cabinet are equally without sign of animation. Not so our streets, thoroughfares, and shops, which display all the usual movement of this period of the year. The last loiterers in the country have now come in from the châteaux and suburban villas which have become so numerous of late around Paris, and the capital is au grand complet. Yesterday the crowd of equipages, with their be-cloaked and be-furred occupants and domestics, was so great in the Champs Elysées and the Bois that all movement beyond a foot pace became impossible in the serried files of carriages five abreast. One might have supposed the most brilliant days of Longchamps to have been restored again. The weather was dazzlingly bright, and the cold not intense. It is the fashion here to drive in open carriages, even during the winter season, if it be possible to do so with any degree of comfort or safety. The chief object, of course, is to display the magnificent equipment of rich furs and similar expensive luxuries in which both sexes indulge largely. Even men follow this habit, and when in England you would see them on horseback, here you find them seated five or six together in a barouche, swathed up to their chins in fur coats and bearskin rugs. Coachmen and flunkies are attired in similar though less costly guise, and the very horses are often leathered like the scales of a rhinoceros. All this creates a singular spectacle on a Sunday, when the day is fine and the whole city is astir. The walking and working classes were out yesterday in unusual numbers, and, as a paragraph in the *Moniteur* tells us, "seemed to take great pleasure in contemplating the luxury displayed in horses, carriages, and dress." That a Parisian crowd looks on at a similar sight with intense interest and curiosity, no one who watches its physiognomy can doubt. Whether or not it does so "with *beinveillance*" and "without envy," as the *Moniteur* also takes the trouble to observe, may be a different question. The remark itself is a somewhat singular one to make, and would hardly, perhaps, have suggested itself to an English pen under the same circumstances.—*Paris Correspondent of the Guardian*.

THE POPE'S FAMILY.—The present Pope is the youngest of three living brothers. His eldest brother, Count Gabriel, is eighty-four years of age, and the next, Count Gaetan, is eighty; he has one sister, the Countess Benigni, a vigorous old lady, seventy-seven years of age. Count Jerome, his father, died at fourscore and four years; and the Countess Catherine, his mother, at fourscore and two. Finally, Count Hercules, his grandfather, lived to the patriarchal age of fourscore and sixteen. Altogether, the family of the Mastai is a numerous one. Count Gabriel has two sons; the eldest, Count Louis, married to the Princess del Drago; and Count Hercules, who married the niece of

* H. L. Wickham, Esq., a Busby Trustee and constant friend of the school, has been lost to it by death during the year.

† Jerem. vi. 16.

‡ Dean Stanley.

§ The recent honours won by "Old Westminsters" at Oxford.

Cardinal Cadolini. Count Gaetan is a widower, and has no children, nor did Count Joseph, another brother, who died a few years ago, leave any; but his sisters have made amends in this respect, and the Pope has no lack of nephews and grand-nephews.—*Once a Week*.

M. MOCQUARD, it is said, has left an enormous fortune, but notwithstanding his special opportunities for making money during a long series of years, it is difficult to believe in the figure spoken of, which is seventeen millions of francs (£680,000).

MR. J. ENTWISTLE, a Wesleyan preacher at Yeadon, died suddenly last week in the pulpit, whilst giving out the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way."

MRS. H. B. WALMSLEY, of Acton, who died on the 26th ult., in the last four years of her life distributed 32,000 Bibles and Testaments to soldiers, sailors, cabmen, the hospitals, and the poor.

THE HON. Richard Bethell, a son of the Lord Chancellor, was proclaimed as an outlaw at the Sheriff's Court, London, on Thursday last.

THE CHURCH.

SUNDAY READING.

IN the flood of books issuing from the press at this Christmas season of the year, those intended for Sunday reading have a claim, as to the object they have in view, to a prominent attention. Sunday scholars are therein furnished with an abundant stock out of which their little Scripture prizes, the hard-earned fruits of diligence and study at school, may be selected. For the "little ones" of families there are elegantly got-up religious and moral tales, and books of Scripture stories; while the elder members may improve themselves in volumes of religious biography and history, Scripture exposition, and even of sermons. The religious periodicals have completed their yearly volumes; and *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, *Good Words*, *The Quiver*, and several illustrated editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress" are laid on drawing-room tables in the hope of supplying material for Sunday occupation for all minds alike. It is a natural and holy feeling which impels parents to this kind of selection of books for the religious improvement of their children, and to foster in their minds a reverence for Sunday as a day separated from all others by peculiar distinctive characters. It is, however, a matter of sad experience that young people are very generally indifferent to this kind of reading, and that they take to any other kind in preference. At an early age, when the narratives of Scripture have a freshness for the mind, and a child's faith in his mother's word is in its perfection, religious instruction possesses great attraction for young people; but in later years a marked falling off in this relish is commonly observed. Intercourse with companions at school, which is not often calculated to make boys "religious," has, no doubt, much to do with his defection from the best path, which is at the same time in no small degree encouraged by the natural light-heartedness, frivolity, and gaiety of youth. A world of new ideas and attractions spring up about boys, and girls also, and these, combined with their gradual emancipation from the more stringent rules of parental authority, help to produce this indifference in no small degree. Then there is the natural result of the previous familiarity with the facts and truths of Scripture, which, according to its own laws, engenders callousness to what has ceased any longer to be invested with novelty. The most interesting novel that heart and soul was ever engrossed in, would cease to attract a reader if it were made a duty to read it over once a year or month regularly; and this may account for much prevailing indifference as to the Bible. Its truths are known, its facts are known; and therefore, as reading, it ceases to interest the ordinary reader as it once did. There is, of course, an important difference as to duty between the two cases. It can never be a duty to read a novel a second time; pleasure alone can determine whether it shall be read at all, even once. But it is otherwise with Scripture. There it is spiritually a source of profit to be reminded of its truths and examples; and hence the repeated reading of the Sacred Volume, and religious books generally, becomes a sacred duty. This consideration, however, does not invalidate the reasons which we have given, humanly speaking, of the indifference, if not aversion, of young persons approaching manhood, to religious reading. Besides, religion is a serious thing, and such reading can scarcely be expected to have much attraction for those who have not with some seriousness considered its bearing on their eternal interests. And this consideration alone is sufficient to show the extreme folly of attempting to make people religious by compulsion, public outcry, or acts of parliament.

From all these considerations put together, it is clear that the religious training of a family is a matter which requires the most careful study, watchfulness, and management. The work must not be so overdone as to weary or worry the young mind, and frustrate the very end in view by creating a dislike for the very best subject of human study. Now the Scotch scheme of Sunday occupation is one of the most certain instruments which could possibly be devised for producing this aversion. It is not only a mistake as to the facts and intentions of Scripture, but a galling yoke which even a Scotchman can with difficulty bear. The advocates of Sabbatarianism put forward, and on valid grounds enough, one half-truth in the interests of humanity, but with the exaggeration of another half-truth they make the first intolerable. The Sabbath—that is, a day of rest—is, they say, the right and the inheritance of the poor man, of which he should not be deprived;

but they insist that, during that rest, this poor man's mind shall never rest from the intense study and contemplation of the one subject of religion. The liberty given by the one hand is taken away in the chains forged by the other. It is forgotten that our Sunday is a compromise between two festivals, the Mosaic Sabbath and the Lord's Day of the first Christians, and that it partakes of the characters and duties of both. Rest from ordinary labour was the fundamental idea of the Sabbath enjoined from Mount Sinai; a religious commemoration of Christ's resurrection was the leading conception of the Christian "first day of the week." As the world either cannot, or will not, afford to have two festivals in each week—a day of rest and a day of religious service—these duties and privileges are joined together in one day; and from this union must be derived any correct notions we can have of the obligations of that day, and of the reading which is allowable on it.

The idea of the Mosaic Sabbath was rest from the work of the other six days of the week. This is evident from the account of its institution given in Deuteronomy, where it is enforced as an act of mercy due from the Israelites to their slaves, and in remembrance that they were themselves at one time bondsmen in Egypt. The intention was not inaction, or the rest of sleep, but such a withdrawal of mind and body from the work of the week as would restore to them their wonted vigour and elasticity. It was by this act of justice on the part of the Israelite to the poor man that the Sabbath was sanctified, or kept holy. Whatever, therefore, was calculated to give to the jaded frame of the working man this rest, invigoration, and refreshment, and was otherwise not immoral in itself, was not contrary to the fourth commandment. To carry, then, this idea of the Israelite Sabbath down to our days, the duty it imposes is rest, not from secular work as such, but the rest of each man from the ordinary occupations in which he engages in the week, or any occupation the object of which is the earning of his bread. Were Sunday no more than a Sabbath, this is the only duty it could impose. As to reading, it would simply forbid all study of books, papers, &c., which bear on the work of the week, on the ground that the individual for one day out of seven required disengagement of his mind from all such pursuits. Even the editor of a purely religious newspaper would be forbidden to read anything relating to his editorial occupations on that day.

But these obligations are considerably modified by the fact that Sunday, in virtue of its character as "the Lord's Day," is not only a Sabbath, but also a day to be devoted to devotional exercise and religious improvement. This single consideration is enough to show that, in the judgment of no Christian individual or nation, can it ever be considered right that Sunday should sink into the position of being a mere day of pleasure. But while avoiding this extreme, there is no necessity to run into the opposite one, and to require that people's minds should be given the whole day, without a moment's intermission, to theological or religious thoughts, or else to absolute vacuity. There is nothing in the injunctions of Christianity, in the ordinances of the Primitive Church, or even the words "keep it holy" of the Fourth Commandment, that insists on acts so manifestly impossible. And not only are they impossible, but, were they possible, the effects of such a demand would be most mischievous on the masses of society in repelling people from the ordinances of religion by the distaste for them which it would create. For one person who could even remotely approximate to such a standard of Sunday perfection, there would be ten thousand who would be discouraged from attempting even what they could accomplish were a more reasonable demand made. All therefore that seems required by the institution of the Lord's Day, is such a use of it in attendance on the public services of religion, and in private and family religious study and prayer, as tends to real edification. This being done, whatever remains of the day may be rightly, and even religiously, employed in promoting the intentions of the Sabbath proper as to restoring to mind and body the elasticity lost during the week by all means which are not wrong in themselves, and are yet suited to the sacred character of the day. The mere pursuit of pleasure, revelry, and frivolity are plainly excluded; also all matters of business, except the absolutely unavoidable; but everything that is not theological or ecclesiastical, and in that sense secular, is certainly not forbidden. To take a walk into the country, to look on the green fields, to breathe the purer air of heaven, to admire scenery, to study the works of nature, and to enjoy social intercourse with your companions, may be, not only a harmless, but a most profitable and even a religious occupation. Where in each particular case the use of such enjoyment ends, and the abuse begins, a properly trained conscience in the individual alone can decide; no laws, ecclesiastical, civil, or social, can define these bounds for him; but the principles on which he may define them himself are manifest—the Sabbath and the Lord's Day—rest from business and religious service. In applying the former principle, this also must be remembered, that in no society can there be such a thing as an absolute Sabbath, or rest of the whole population. Some work must be done on even the Sabbath Day, and somebody must do it. Take Sunday how you will; propose even the best scheme for securing to the poor man the rest which is his birthright, the result will inevitably come to this, that some few must work while the majority rest. The real practical question, therefore, as to the poor man's right to his Sunday is, not simply how every man shall have this right secured to him, but by what arrangements of society the number of workers that must work on Sundays, may be reduced so as to be the least possible. Whatever accomplishes this will afford the approximate solution of a question

which, in modern society, cannot be solved in its accuracy, and confer the greatest amount of benefit derivable from Sunday on humanity.

The question of Sunday reading will now, on these principles, admit of a definite answer. It is not necessary that everything in a book intended for that purpose should have a theological aspect; but it is indispensable that it should be made as attractive and as interesting as possible for ordinary readers. Secular subjects are not to be excluded solely because they are secular; for many such open up the richest veins of religious thought. The study of the works of God in the human mind, or in external nature—in a feeling, a drop of water, a sunbeam, or a planet—may kindle in the soul the holiest and most exalted feelings, and be as truly a religious occupation as the study of the volume of Revelation. Fiction is now a recognized vehicle in religious publications for the conveyance of Divine truths; and yet what is it but a secular instrument? Bunyan used it with no mean results in his "Pilgrim's Progress;" and assuredly, on the same principle, secular topics which enlarge the mind and exalt the feelings are allowable to relieve on Sundays the tedium of purely theological study. *Good Words* is a work used extensively as a Sunday book in religious families; and yet do any of its readers find that morally, religiously, they are injured by reading such articles as "A Year on the Sea Shore," by Phillip Gosse, or the "Personal Recollections" of Isaac Taylor? *Sunday at Home* is a purely religious publication; but *Leisure Hour*, its counterpart and companion as a secular book, is received into religious families for Sunday reading. Will any one say that this work does him harm on Sundays? or, indeed, that any book published by the Religious Tract Society could do so? Many other works of a similar nature might be mentioned, but the principles on which Sunday reading may be regulated are sufficiently illustrated by these. The end—religious education—must be kept in view; and whatever fosters and promotes it be encouraged. In this way the greatest amount of good is done, and the excellence of the spirit of the law over the letter that killeth is manifested.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.

THE Bishop of London has furnished some additional encouraging particulars respecting his gigantic scheme for the regeneration of London. At the meeting of the Islington Church Extension Society, held on Tuesday last, he stated that his Fund, between money already paid in and promised in subscriptions, had amounted now to £171,000; and from these figures we may form a tolerably accurate idea of the measure of success which has attended his undertaking. Two years have not yet elapsed, and yet near £200,000, the contemplated amount for that period, have been nearly realized; for Dr. Tait tells us that "considerable sums are continuing to come in even at this dead season of the year." Of the above amount we also learn that £99,900 have been already paid in, that is, for little more than the first year, actually £100,000 have been received. On such results his lordship may indeed be heartily congratulated; and if like fruits attend his exertions for the next nine years, which there is much reason to believe in, Dr. Tait will not only have the consciousness of the vast amount of good he will have done, but his name will be immortally associated with the successful accomplishment of one of the greatest works that was ever undertaken in the interests of humanity in the first city in the world. On one point the Bishop has both set a good example and adopted a wise principle—every curate engaged in connection with his Fund will receive not less than £150 a year. It is clear, then, that the poor parishes for which he is labouring will have the picked men of the clerical market. Hard work these clergymen will have, and they will have to give money's worth for their pay; but if the Bishop of London will add to one good principle another, and make merit—absolute merit—the sole rule of promotion of the members of the staff of officers thus placed in his hands, he will have in his service the most efficient body of clergymen in the United Kingdom.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A MISSIONARY BISHOP.

THE account of the murderous attack on Bishop Patteson, of the Melanesian Islands, by the inhabitants of the Santa Cruz group, and the consequent calamitous loss of life to his party, will be read with feelings of painful interest by the friends of missionary operations in that quarter of the globe. Few events exemplify more clearly the extreme risk and hardship to which even the episcopal pioneers of Christianity are exposed in their efforts to plant its doctrines in such benighted regions. Bishop Patteson's diocese extends over several of these islands in the Pacific, and consequently his episcopal duties can be discharged only by cruising voyages, undertaken at such times of the year as the weather will allow. In August last he was engaged in one of these expeditions, and succeeded in effecting a landing, by wading through the surf, on the populous island of Santa Cruz, trusting to find the same friendly reception there from the natives as they had seven times given him but two years before. A large crowd assembled to meet him, apparently in the most friendly spirit; and with a portion of these he sat down for some time conversing in the village, while others were engaged trading with his schooner, the *Southern Cross*, with like manifestations of good-feeling. Nothing occurred to cause uneasiness until, on his return to his boat, some difficulty was found in

clearing her of the natives swimming around. Whatever was the cause, a sudden unaccountable impulse, a desire to get possession of the boat, revenge for an outrage committed by some ship which may have visited their shores, or offence taken at the gentle force used to clear the boat of the swimmers, the men on shore were seen suddenly to bend their bows, and a shower of arrows immediately fell on the boat. Three of the bishop's companions were wounded; Mr. Pearce on the chest, a lad named Edwin Nobbs on the cheek, and a third person, Fisher Young, in the wrist, as he was pulling towards the schooner. The remainder of the party, including the bishop, reached the vessel in safety. Once out of danger, extreme anxiety began to be felt as to the wounded, as there were grounds to fear that the arrows were poisoned. Though the wounds at first progressed favourably, the worst apprehensions began soon to be realized. Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young were attacked by symptoms of tetanus, and after extreme suffering for a few days, died in violent agonies. Though Mr. Pearce's wound was the severest of the three, he, after much suffering, eventually rallied, and is now reported to be strong and in usual health. Such has been this unfortunate affair, in reference to which no blame as to indiscretion can be thrown on the bishop's party. It is, in fact, one of those instances of the dangers naturally attendant on efforts to spread divine truth among the heathen which no foresight can provide against. It is fortunate that the life of Bishop Patteson has been spared, and the only consolation which can be offered to the friends of the young persons who have thus prematurely lost their lives, is the reflection that they have fallen at the post of duty in the cause of their Divine Master.

THE ITALIAN CLERGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Though I am aware that letters are but sparingly admitted into the LONDON REVIEW, yet I should feel obliged if you would insert the following communication, as it is particularly telling at the present moment when the Italian Ministry intend to introduce a bill for the sequestration of all church property, to be followed by the "payment" of the clergy. Our English journals are silent on the subject, but it is the *paid* Priesthood who are at this time shaking the very foundations of the kingdom of Belgium. May Italy be wise in time, and avoid the rock upon which so many Governments split after the first French Revolution, and may the warning of her great Statesman not have been spoken in vain.

During a debate it had been proposed that the property of the Church should be appropriated and the clergy paid by the State.

To this Count Cavour objected.

"I think," said he, "the measure would have for certain effect either to render the clergy of our country servile or quite to alienate them from the material interests of society, and to leave them animated only by a spirit of caste. I do not think the former result would come to pass, because I too highly esteem our clergy to believe that they will ever sacrifice their independence, and the duties of their ministry to pecuniary interests. But, if this were to be, should we have conferred a benefit on society or liberty? We should have done, I think, the greatest possible harm to liberty, we should have constituted an administrative despotism. It has been my lot, little to be envied, to be Minister for several years, and I will say that, if to the means of action possessed by the Government there were to be joined a means of action on the clergy, the Government would be rendered too powerful for the interests of liberty. If the clergy were to be made dependant on the civil power, our institutions would be vitiated from the root; we should have an appearance of liberty, but substantially a tremendous administrative despotism. If the administration of the Roman States has its inconveniences it is because the civil power is in the hands of ecclesiastics; and if with us the clergy were made dependant on the civil power, we should arrive at analogous and perhaps still more pernicious results.

"But I think the *incameramento* would produce the contrary effect, would increase in the clergy the spirit of caste, would detach them still more from civil society. I speak in the purely social point of view. The organization of the Catholic clergy has the defect of having few ties with civil society. Separated from his family, not permitted to aspire to create himself another, the priest concentrates all his affections on his caste. But if he has property, that constitutes a tie to civil society and neutralizes the tendency to separation. In this I am supported by one of the greatest of modern publicists, De Tocqueville. In his last work he also manifests the opinion that to deprive the clergy of their vested property is to render a service to the Holy See. Subject to a foreign authority, and without families, the clergy's sole link with society is their property. In France and in Belgium a perfect *incameramento* was made. What were the consequences? I admit that the French clergy are now more zealous and moral than under the old régime; but they are also less national and less liberal. Under the old régime they had a greater spirit of independence with respect to Rome, and more attachment to certain national maxims and to liberty. Many members of the clergy promoted classical and philosophical studies; now the French clergy are more ultramontane than ours. I have no reason to be pleased with the clerical press, but a spirit of impartiality makes me declare that however exaggerated and devoted to Rome it may be, it is less so than the journals of the Bishops of Bruges and Ghent. Were we to allow the clergy to be paid by their flocks, we should augment their fanaticism. Look at Ireland, whose clergy is still more ultramontane than that of France, and went so far as to praise Nana Sahib and the Sepoys." I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

H. P.

P.S.—I have lost the exact date of this speech, but this is not of much consequence.

THE NEW BISHOP OF VALENCE.—The recent appointment of the Abbé Gueulette to the see of Valence is more significant of the ecclesiastical policy of the Government than I had at first supposed it to be. Your readers will, perhaps, remember the circumstances which occurred in the diocese of Moulins (whence the new prelate has been chosen), in 1857, and which I noticed at the time they took place. The Bishop of Moulins, Monsignor de Drenx-Brézé, the third son of the marquis of the same name, and Grand Master of the Ceremonies to Louis XVI., is a legitimist and ultramontane of the first water. He was one of the first to manifest the reactionary spirit against the Imperial Government on the part of the upper clergy which began to manifest itself about that period, and which may be said to have reached its apogee in the celebrated comparison of Mgr. of Poitiers. The Bishop of Moulins being desirous, in his zeal for Rome on one side and the House of Bourbon on the other, to maintain his diocese free from all taint of any other opinions than his own, devised the plan of exacting from all curés appointed within his rule, before he gave them institution, a resignation signed in blank, thus illegally reducing to a nullity that *inamovibilité* which the French laws so wisely accord to the ministers of religion as a guarantee of their spiritual independence. The measure, however, created so much ill-feeling and opposition as to bring the bishop into direct collision with a large body of his clergy, who at last formally appealed to the *Conseil d'Etat* against the tyranny of their Superior. For this conduct, several of them, and M. l'Abbé Gueulette, as one of the most active in his resistance, among the number, were suspended from their functions. The Abbé, however, nothing daunted, came to Paris to support the appeal in person, and by proper management and ministerial (and, it is said, Imperial) support, carried his cause and obtained a judgment *comme d'abus*. The Bishop at first meditated resistance. But being made aware that, if he persevered, an administrator of the temporalities of the diocese would be appointed at once by the Government, and a decision on the spiritualities of the case demanded from Rome in a tone and fashion which would admit neither of subterfuge nor delay, he thought it prudent to yield and withdraw at once his obnoxious measures and his interdictions. When, however, some years later, the Emperor visited Moulins, and promised the restoration of the Cathedral and other marks of the Imperial favour to the diocese, the Bishop, whether at his own suggestion or one coming from another quarter, I am unable to say, was absent, and the Abbé Gueulette supplied his place. The latter on that occasion both received the Emperor, and also received from his Majesty's hand the cross of the Legion. Louis Napoleon, who rarely suffers himself to forget a man who has once come under his eye favourably, has evidently viewed the Abbé and his previous conduct in that light. Hence his promotion to the episcopal bench, a choice which, it need not be said, is certainly not regarded as satisfactory either by his late Bishop or others of the same opinions.—*Paris Letter*.

THE COMMISSION ON CLERICAL SUBSCRIPTION.—It is stated by the *Dublin Evening Mail* that the Royal Commissioners on clerical subscription have been unanimous in recommending, 1st. That the declaration prescribed by the Act of Uniformity, viz.—“I do hereby declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the Book intitled the Book of Common Prayer,” shall not be required of or from any clergyman of the United Church hereafter; and 2ndly, that there shall be from henceforth but one form for subscription and declaration, viz.—“I assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion and the Book of Common Prayer, and of ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons: I believe the doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland as therein set forth to be agreeable to the Word of God; and in public prayer and administration of the Sacraments I will use the form in the said book prescribed, and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority.”

RELIGIOUS REFORM IN TURKEY.—A movement for reform in the Mussulman religion is at present exciting much interest in Constantinople. The proposed reform is in no respect in the direction of Christianity, but relates solely to the Koran and some of the leading principles of Turkish social life connected with that book. One of the demands is that the Koran should be translated into the Turkish language and printed, and not merely sold in manuscript in the original text as is the common practice. The reformers are opposed to polygamy, in favour of drinking wine, and abolishing the feast of Ramazan, and they maintain that no man should be counted an infidel or Giaour who believes in the Old and New Testament—volumes which they consider holy. The number of Turks advocating these opinions is said by some to amount to eighty thousand. These reformers have even petitioned their Government for a mosque for themselves, desiring to be recognised as a kind of denomination dissenting from the national religion.

A PROJECTED ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE IN OXFORD.—The *Guardian* says that it is well known that Dr. Newman has recently purchased some land in Oxford, for the purpose, eventually, if the scheme should find favour with his ecclesiastical superiors, of erecting a college there for Roman Catholics. Last week, we understand, a meeting of the Roman Catholic Bishops was held at the residence of Cardinal Wiseman, to discuss the project in all its bearings. These meetings are always held with closed doors, and the result of the Bishops' conference can only be guessed at even by the best-informed members of the Roman Catholic body; but a general opinion prevails that their views are in opposition to the liberal views of Dr. Newman, who feels thoroughly the unsatisfactory state of the secular education of the Romish laity in their colleges. Meantime, the Bishops have forwarded the result of their deliberations to Rome; but Rome usually is not very quick at sending answers to difficult and delicate questions; and some months will probably pass by before the English Roman Catholics will learn on the highest authority whether they can send their sons with a safe conscience to college at Oxford.

GIGANTIC MORMON TEMPLE.—A correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* gives an account of a projected Mormon temple and tabernacle about being erected in the Great Salt Lake City, which will,

when erected, be one of the most striking buildings of the age. The style of architecture is novel, and the solidity of the stonework such that the building will probably withstand the wearing action of time for a thousand years. The front view will show three towers, the centre one more elevated than those on either side. The rear end will also have three towers, the side walls being strengthened with powerful abutments covered with pinnacles. The walls will be lofty, everything substantial, dignified, and impressive, without excess of ornament, and the entire air of the structure imposing. This edifice—the temple—is intended only for the priesthood and the priestly ordinances of the Mormon Church. The people will have another building, the tabernacle, in the rear of the temple, for their gatherings. This is to be an oval building on an immense scale, corresponding in the interior, both above and below, to the shape of an egg, the lower part being filled with tiers of seats rising above one another, and capable of accommodating 10,000 people. This tabernacle will, for the sake of ventilation and facility of ingress and egress, be nearly all windows and doors. President Young himself is both the architect and superintendent of these buildings; and every stone in them is inspected and measured by him before it is assigned to its place.

THE TORQUAY REREDOS.—The Bishop of Jamaica has written to the *Guardian*, in reference to his connection with the Torquay reredos, to say that he had no conversation with the Bishop of Exeter on the subject until after that prelate's decision respecting its removal or alteration had been communicated to the incumbent and churchwardens of the parish, and that he expressed no opinion to his lordship, either favourable or adverse, as to the reredos being or not being a crucifix. He concludes his letter by assuring the editor that he has “never, in conversation with any persons whatever on this unhappy matter, departed from the reticence of opinion which his residence within the diocese of a brother bishop should reasonably suggest.”

CANONIZATIONS FOR 1865.—The Beatification of the Venerable Maria Francesco of the Wounds of Jesus, a Neapolitan Carmelite nun, and the canonization of the Blessed Leonardo di Porto Maurizio, and of the Blessed Josaphat of Poland, and a great number of Chinese and Japanese martyrs whose cause was introduced in the sixteenth century, are announced for the month of May next. An old prophecy says that Poland will be restored to independence shortly after the canonization of the Blessed Josaphat, whose canonical cause had been long interrupted, when the required documents, which were thought to be lost, were found again among the archives of the monastery of Grotto Ferrata, near Frascati.—*Weekly Register*.

The largest church in the American States, St. Paul's and St. Peter's Cathedral at Philadelphia, was consecrated on the 20th ult. It has been the work of eighteen years' labour, and has cost nearly \$500,000. Three Roman Catholic Archbishops, ten Bishops, the mitred Abbot of St. Vincent's at Latrobe, and more than 200 priests entered the cathedral during the processional chant. The ceremonies were attended by about 8,000 people.

A CONTEMPORARY states that at the recent celebration of the anniversary of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Brighton, “a bust of the Virgin Mary” was carried in procession.—*Daily News*.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

PANTOMIME is now the absorbing consideration at both our great Opera-houses; and probably for some weeks to come English musical art will be subordinated to the attractions of posture-making and tumbling, broad grins and guffaws, and the exciting novelties of a clown and a dancer with only two legs between them. The quality of some recent English music, however, has been such as to render the contrast by no means so violent as might be the case, as much of the forthcoming pantomime music will probably be of nearly as high an order as some of the more pretentious products of modern English musical genius. The dignity of the art, however, and its application to the highest purposes, are upheld by the performances of the “Messiah,” appropriate to the season—the second of which, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, was to take place yesterday.

The only novelty of the week has been the first appearance at the Royal English Opera of Mdle. Adelaide Cornelis, a pupil of the Brussels Conservatoire. This young lady, who made her *début* here in the small part of Nancy, in Flotow's small opera, “Martha,” produced a favourable, if not a strong impression. She is young, and possesses qualities which may ripen with time into valuable artistic accomplishments. Already there are notes of preparation sounding for Mr. Mapleson's next Italian season at Her Majesty's Theatre, where we are promised a lady singer of extraordinary pretensions. Mdle. Ilma de Murska claims (or her friends claim for her) to rival the career of Jenny Lind. A new tenor, M. de Joulain, and a new contralto, Madame Dorsani, are also spoken of in terms of high laudation.

Reports from Paris speak highly of M. Offenbach's mythological opera, “La belle Hélène,” produced at the Variétés on Saturday last. The clever composer of “Orphée aux Enfers” appears lately to be aiming at higher ground than the style of the Bouffes Parisiens, in which he first earned his success. His romantic opera, “Die Rhein Nixen,” produced in Germany this year, ought, by all accounts, to find more than fugitive favour.

A new Beethoven Society, for the performance of that composer's chamber music, is announced to commence a series of weekly concerts at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday week.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE Shakespearian performances closed at Drury Lane this week with several benefits, and "Cymbeline" has been played twice. Miss Helen Faucit will not perform again for some little time in London, and the pantomime will occupy all the energy of the management. Of the many great promises put forth at the beginning of the season, only four have been performed, and we shall hear nothing for many weeks, if at all, of "Hamlet," "King Lear," "King John," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry VIII.," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Antigone of Sophocles," Mr. Theodore Martin's "Madonna Del Pia," and Mr. Edmund Falconer's new play. Mr. Falconer, we are sorry to say, is very ill. There has been some talk of a comic opera season at this house during the spring and summer, but the negotiations, at present, have not resulted in any practical arrangement.

Mr. Toole closed a very successful month's engagement at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on Tuesday, and he will re-appear on Monday at the Adelphi, in Mr. Byron's classical burlesque, "Pan." The production of the elaborate drama, "The Workmen of Paris," at this house, will not interfere with the return of Miss Bateman, and she is announced to resume her representation of "Leah" on the 2nd of January.

The trial of Mr. Watts Phillips's new play, "The Woman in Mauve," written for Mr. Sothorn, was made this week at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool. This play will be produced at the Haymarket soon after Christmas.

The new theatre at Bradford, Yorkshire, the lessees of which are Messrs. Buckstone and Wilde, of the Haymarket, has been licensed by the magistrates.

Mr. John Brougham has written a new equestrian piece for Miss Menken, in which she will appear at Astley's Theatre in February, or perhaps earlier. We hope some charitable society will provide her with a little warm and decent clothing for her winter performances.

The "pantomimic extravaganza" at the Princess's Theatre has been written by two authors new to West-end houses—Messrs. Best and Bellingham, who produced a very creditable burlesque on the subject of the "Bohemian Girl" at Sadler's Wells last summer.

The exhibition of "Tom Thumb, and of his fellow dwarfs, was opened at the Crystal Palace last Monday. Some of our contemporaries now look rather foolish who so solemnly chronicled his "private receptions" under the notion that he had retired from the show business.

Mr. M. H. Simpson will relinquish the management of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, at Christmas. This will be no loss to the town, for he was not a very energetic manager.

Mr. Emden, late of the Olympic, will be the new acting manager of the St. James's Theatre.

Miss Marie Wilton has left the Strand Theatre, where her talent has been for some time thrown away, and where she has been shelved for some months for reasons best known to the management. She has not retired from the stage.

Donato, the forthcoming one-legged dancer at Covent Garden, is still furnishing much gossip for theatrical circles, and a few facts about him may be interesting. He was formerly a member of the ballet at the San Carlo Theatre in Naples, where his talents as a dancer were much appreciated. From Naples he went to Spain, where he entered the bull-ring, and while acting as a matador he was gored in the thigh, and had to have his leg amputated. His one-legged dancing, as we have before stated, procured him nothing better than an engagement at a concert-hall in Lyons, something like Weston's, where he was receiving one of those small salaries, counted in francs, which are so common on the continent. Transplanted from Lyons, he made his great reputation in Germany, but not before he was engaged by Mr. Morton for the Oxford and Canterbury Music Halls. This engagement will doubtless lead to litigation, and probably to an injunction restraining him from performing at Covent Garden. We are informed upon good authority, that he is to receive fifty pounds a night.

The associated theatrical managers are proceeding vigorously against the music-halls for what they hold to be encroachments on their privileges. Mr. Weston has been summoned for giving the old "Swiss Cottage" as a musical entertainment; Mr. Morton has been served with a notice to discontinue his representations of the "ghost illusion" at the Canterbury, and Mr. F. Strange will probably be summoned for performing a ballet. Messrs. Falconer, Chatterton, Horace Wigan, and others are the chief movers in this matter, and they are quite right, from their point of view, in striving to enforce the law. Whether they are wise in so doing is another question. Such efforts to maintain a theatrical monopoly only set people thinking, and the time cannot be far distant when this important subject will be brought before Parliament.

"Richard Cœur de Lion" will be the subject of the pantomime at the Surrey Theatre; the Victoria (it has now purged and lives cleanly) has taken its pantomimic story from "Baron Munchausen;" Astley's has been supplied with a pantomime by Mr. Greenwood (late partner of Mr. Phelps in the management of Sadler's Wells), which is called "Jack Sprat." In this, Mr. Milano, hitherto an excellent harlequin, will play clown. The Standard will have "Dame Durden, and her Five Servant Maids." The Britannia will have "Busy Bee, and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street;" the City of London will have "The King of the Golden Valley; or Tom Tiddler, Little Boy Blue, and the Old Woman who lived under a Hill." The Grecian has been supplied with a pantomime called

"Punch and Judy," in which Mr. George Conquest, one of the most remarkable pantomimists of the day, will play "Punch;" and the Marylebone Pantomime, written by Mr. Soutar of the Olympic, in which Mr. Cave will play a prominent part, and a very good clown, named Lawrence, will appear, is called the "Bronze Horse."

SCIENCE.

A CURIOUS paper was presented to the French Academy at a recent sitting. It was by M. Faivre, and was upon a series of experiments which he conducted last summer with a view to discover the action of the odorous principles of plants upon silk-worms. The plants selected for experiment were absinthe, balsamite, and fennel. The leaves were placed in three different cases, covered with pierced diaphragms, upon which the silk-worms were placed. Thus separated from the leaves, and prevented from eating them, they could only be affected by their emanations. The animals submitted to the action of the absinthe became regularly intoxicated, and even at intervals seized with peculiar spasmodic convulsive movements. This was followed by rapid defecation, repeated frequently; the pulsations of the dorsal blood-vessel became accelerated, and in five hours the specimens were dead. The fennel produced similar effects upon the nervous system, but a more marked action upon the secretions: in less than forty hours two of the more healthy specimens spun their cocoons after having emitted a peculiar gummy matter; the others perished. The balsamite acted more energetically than the preceding substances: it killed the unhealthy specimens very rapidly, and caused the others to expel the silk matter; one of the specimens, which was placed over the case at mid-day, had spun its cocoon at eight o'clock in the evening. These experiments show the powerful action of the odorous exhalation upon these insects, and also the (possible) capability of the skin to absorb the poison.

Mineralogy, though a science, cultivated by few, and of which even the greater number of scientific men are ignorant, is now and then of practical benefit to society. This is shown in the recent examination by Professor Church of a specimen of shale, which was exhibited in 1862, in the Tasmania Court of the International Exhibition. In this Mr. Church has found an entirely new mineral, to which he proposes to give the name of Tasmanite. The shale contains from thirty to forty per cent. of a yellowish brown combustible matter, which occurs in small disks marked with a few ridges. These disks may be separated from the inorganic portion of the mineral by crushing it to a coarse powder, and then pouring strong hydrochloric acid upon it; the disks by this means become liberated, and float to the surface of the liquid, provided that the density of the latter has been previously increased by the addition of chloride of calcium. The disks thus separated have a density of about 1.18, and exhibit a resinous lustre. Their most characteristic feature is the possession of a large amount of sulphur not in an isolated condition, and not put in combination with a metal, but in intimate union with the carbon and hydrogen which comprise the organic matter itself. It is computed to contain the following elements in the following proportions:—Carbon 79.34, hydrogen 10.41, sulphur 5.32, and nitrogen 4.93.

No subjects are of greater interest or importance than those which relate to the production of special diseases by purely artificial means. The late investigations, therefore, of Dr. Bence Jones, are well worthy of consideration. Dr. Jones, knowing how ignorant we are of the actual cause of that fearful malady *diabetes*, determined to discover by what means this disease could be produced artificially, and, as the result of his experiments, found that the application of external cold by surrounding an animal with ice, is quite sufficient to cause the elimination of sugar by the kidneys. He experimented in the following manner:—The kidney-secretion of the animal was first examined for sugar, and none having been found, the creature was then placed in a bath of ice, until the temperature of the blood fell to seventy degrees. The animal died, and on *post-mortem* examination the kidney-secretion yielded sugar. This phenomenon is thus explained:—Continual changes of oxydation are going on within the body, and the results of these generally are carbonic acid and water. Starch is one of the materials, which, when properly oxydized, yield these two compounds in greatest proportions, but in passing from one stage to the other, a number of intermediate conditions have to be travelled through, of which sugar is one; if, therefore, the process be interrupted at any one of them, the corresponding compound will be produced. When external cold is applied, the phenomena or combustion are imperfectly carried on: they do not extend beyond the sugar stage, and consequently this compound is formed in the blood, and afterwards in the reaction of the kidney.

At the last meeting of the Royal Society a very sensational subject was brought under the notice of the meeting. The earliest trace of existence yet found was exhibited, and its character explained and described. Dr. Carpenter, to whom the materials had been supplied by Sir William Logan, brought the matter before the society. Those who are familiar with geological science are aware that till quite recently it was supposed that the oldest fossils were those found in the Cambrians, *histioderma* and *oldhamia*. This conclusion appeared natural enough, when it is remembered that these rocks are the lowest stratified deposits in this country, and that a band of gneiss, which is a volcanic rock, lies beneath them. Sir William Logan's researches, however, have proved to him the existence of a band of *gneiss* in North America, which exactly corresponds to

that in these countries. But this is not all. At a depth of 40,000 feet he discovered traces of what appeared to be a fossil, though with animal characters fully developed when seen by the naked eye. That the specimens which he has discovered are not mineral, but animal remains, is now placed beyond doubt. Nay more, it is known that the fossil belongs to the sub-kingdom, Protogra, and is, in fact, one of the Foramenifera. It has been found that the nummulites, which are decided foramenifera, exhibit a layer of matter exterior to their chambers, and that this is tunneled by thousands of exquisitely minute tubules. If, therefore, the new fossil prescribes their character, its animality would be unquestionable. But it does absolutely present them. Dr. Carpenter placed under the microscope a transverse section of the fossil, and those who examined the specimen (ourselves among the number) were convinced that the structure was essentially that of an animal. The new creature, or rather its remnant, has been termed *Eozoon Canadense*, and is ranked among the amorphous foramenifera, those which do not construct habitations possessing a definite outline.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE.

We have before us the annual balance-sheet and the report of the directors of this society to its members for the year 1863; and we take the opportunity thereby afforded us of drawing public attention to some points of public interest which this balance-sheet and these accounts illustrate.

We had lately, in making some remarks on the Scottish Widows' Fund, to commend the full, clear, and explicit details laid by the directors before the members and the public, accompanied, as these details were, by a distinct statement of the rate of interest and the table of mortality on which the valuation of the assets and liabilities of the society were made, so that there could be no difficulty in coming to a conclusion on the sufficiency, or otherwise, of the reserve, or of the method of distributing the surplus, except what is inherent in such questions.

The Mutual Life Office, although a much smaller one than the Scottish Widows' Fund, has attained a very respectable position, and, judging by the bonus additions made to the Policies of the members who have died in the course of the year, the working of the Society has been successful and beneficial to its members. Whilst we are on the point of the extent of business transacted by the office, we will observe, lest the office should be prejudiced by our omitting to do so, that the profits of a Company, and it is this question of profits or bonus additions which is of chief interest to those concerned in what is called the success of an office, are by no means to be inferred from the extent of its business. It often happens that a very large business is purchased too dearly—that is by spending too much money in procuring it. If the business of the Mutual is not large, neither are its expenses. Moreover, the rate of new business appears to be increasing faster than the rate of expense. To sum up what we can say in favour of the office in few words, we will add that it appears that the members have done very well in joining it, and seem to be deriving from it the advantages which follow the honest and able working of a Life Assurance Office.

But we have a fault to find with this office in common with most, but not all its contemporaries; and it is for this fault rather than for its acknowledged merits that we draw attention to the last annual report of its directors. We take the opportunity of founding our observations on the report and accompanying documents of a highly-respectable and apparently successful office, that we may not be thought to be attacking any individual Company.

The fault we find is this:—that the directors do not give the members or the public such information as will enable them to judge of the real position of the society; of the adequacy of its reserves; or, which is the same thing in other words, of the reality of its surplus; or, supposing the reserves to be adequate to the risks covered by them, whether they are not larger, and, so, the surplus smaller, than they should be.

As a specimen of the cloudiness of the information offered by the directors on such facts as are very material for the understanding of the actual favourable working of the society, we will take the following sentence from their report. They say:—"During the past nine years 77 lives have failed where 100 were expected." But, upon what did the directors found their expectations? If upon the Northampton table of mortality, the fact mentioned is not very indicative of success; certainly a much greater degree of success has been obtained by other companies. If the expectations of the directors were founded on the Carlisle table, the facts mentioned would, on the contrary, exhibit an almost unprecedented run of favourable mortality. If the expectations of the directors were founded on the tables used for calculating the premiums, we should still desire information as to the construction of those tables, and should like to know whether the 23 per cent. advantage on the mortality is calculated on the gross premiums charged for risk and expenses and future additions, or on the net premium, independently of what was added to cover those items after providing for mortality. In the former case there would not be much to boast of—in the latter the fact would probably (but only probably) indicate considerable advantage to the members from the judgment shown by its directors and officers in

the selection of lives. If the directors had said that in nine years only 77 per cent. of the mortality expected by the "Northampton," or "Carlisle," or Mr. Farr's "English," or the "Offices' Experience" life tables, we should have known how to estimate the fact. As it is we are simply in the clouds. Relying on the good faith of the directors, we imagine that the result communicated is really favourable to the society; but this end would have been equally obtained if they had said that the society had experienced a very favourable rate of mortality. We complain that there is an appearance of precision and of stating the actual figures so that people may judge for themselves, without really enabling them to do so. We read the sentence and it leaves us in the clouds. Now this is just where ill-conducted or insolvent life offices would wish us to be, and we suggest that honest, well-conducted offices like the "Mutual" have an interest in establishing this great difference between themselves and others—that whilst these others mystify us, offices like the "Mutual" should set the example of giving us all possible information. In fact, if offices of this class would, as some do, give such detailed information, the absence of it would be a caution to the public to avoid those offices which do not give it.

Again:—The directors give us a balance-sheet, in which there is, in appearance, the utmost information which could be desired. In most of the items this appearance is not delusive. We see clearly enough how the funds of the society are invested. But the material point is the surplus of £225,650 shown as the result. Of how this was got at we know nothing. The form but not the substance of information is given us. We must take this surplus, like the mortality of the society, on credit, not only of the good faith of the directors, but also on the soundness of the data they have assumed in working out this conclusion. We see by the balance-sheet that the directors reserve £250,027 for the liabilities of the society under existing policies, and that this being the case, there is a surplus of £225,650. Now a surplus of 90 per cent. over the indebtedness of a society is large, and we should like to know two things. First, how the surplus is obtained—i.e., by what table of mortality the indebtedness is estimated, and at what rate of interest, and how much has been received for expenses and future additions? Secondly, what becomes of this surplus? This second question would no doubt be answered by a perusal of the deed of settlement; but we would put it to the directors whether it is fair to members or the public to put them on the perusal of a deed of settlement to ascertain such a point. We have perused the prospectus of the society and the report of the directors, and we not only do not know, but we cannot guess, how they have arrived at the surplus, or what they do with it when they have got it.

We hope that the forthcoming report of the directors will be more explanatory. We like the principle of mutuality on which the society is based, and we recognize in its statements to its members many marks of the success which we wish to all such societies; but we do not understand its position from the documents it puts forth to explain its position. If we cannot do this, we have the vanity to believe that most of its members and the public must feel the same difficulty.

THE MADRID BANK, LIMITED.

THE Madrid bank seems likely to expire in the accomplishment of its wishes. After much negotiation it obtained in May last a concession from the Spanish Government for carrying on business in Spain and its Colonies. But the directors had not long sent out a manager when they discovered that Spanish law would deprive the board of all control over the capital in Madrid, so that the bank in London would be placed in the subordinate position of a branch. This of itself would not seem a sufficient reason for the recommendation of the directors to dissolve the company, and a more powerful one is found in the candid admission that the response of the public has been very limited. But candour may come so late that it loses its virtue. The shareholders present at the general meeting on Friday week, seemed to be of this opinion, and one of them, Mr. Freebody, brought a very damaging accusation against the directors, who some time ago replied to certain questions which he put to them that the prospects of business were of the most promising character. Others stated that they had risked their money on the faith of the chairman's name, Mr. Nugent Daniel, who is also chairman of the Alliance Bank; and much stress was laid, very justly, on the fact that £7,000 had been paid to the promoters out of the shareholders' money before the concession was made. It turns out that the concession is worth nothing to the London shareholders, as it has been made to parties in Spain; and there seems also to be some ground for the statement that part of the promotion money went to purchase the qualifications of the directors. The chairman explained to the meeting that the promoters offered the directors twenty-five shares, and that they accepted them; but they took in addition to these shares two hundred more, so that they did not get very much by it. Probably not; still they got something, and that something came substantially out of the promotion money. Out of a paid-up capital of £22,180 they have spent £13,252; and though there does not appear to have been at any time a better prospect of success than a sanguine temperament could furnish, they engaged a London manager for three years at a salary of £1,000 a year. We shall know more of the state of affairs when the meeting in January has been held. For the present, the shareholders have refused their

assent to the winding-up of the company; and indeed the statements placed before them on Friday week justify a close examination into the steps which led to such a proposition.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about 3 per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.17½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3.17s.10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly 3-10ths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 425 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13.4½ per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is, therefore, about 2-10ths per cent. dearer in Hamburg than in London.

The commercial demand for money shows the increase usual at this season. An active though not pressing demand has been experienced at the Bank Discount-office, where the brokers continue from day to day to apply for the usual quarterly advances. The general market has been likewise very brisk, and will probably continue so until after the 31st inst. 6 per cent., or the Bank minimum, was generally asked on good bills, and it was only in exceptional cases that transactions took place at a fraction lower.

Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have announced the dividends due the 1st January on Canada Sterling Debentures, Russian Sterling Four and a Half per Cent. Bonds of 1850, Maryland State Sterling Five per Cent. Bonds, Nova Scotia Six per Cent. Sterling Bonds, New Brunswick Six per Cent. Sterling Bonds, Boston City Sterling Four and a Half per Cent. Bonds, Eastern Railroad of Massachusetts Six per Cent. Bonds, and South Carolina State Sterling Five per Cent. Bonds.

The numbers are published of 41 bonds of the Italian Five per Cent. Loan of 1862, which were drawn at Turin on the 10th inst., and are to be paid off on the 1st January.

In Colonial Government securities Canada 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877-84), 99¾; 5 per Cents., 90; New Brunswick 6 per Cents., 101; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1871-6), 96¼; ditto (1888-92), 94¾ 5½; Queensland 6 per Cents., 104¼ ¼; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and Oct.), 107¼ 6¾.

Foreign stocks were firm, and in many cases prices improved. The news from Madrid caused a rise of ½ per cent. in Spanish Deferred Three per Cents., ¾ to ½ in the Passive, and ¼ in the Certificates. Venezuela Bonds of 1864 rose 1 per cent.; Peruvian, ½; Turkish of 1863, 1; Turkish of 1862, and Italian, ½, and Greek Bonds, ¾ per cent. Russian Old Five per Cents. and the Italian Maremma Railway Loan were quoted rather lower.

The approach of the meetings has caused renewed inquiries for bank shares, which were consequently firm—in some cases at improved quotations. An improvement was quoted in City Bank, London Bank of Scotland, Land Mortgage Bank of India, London, Birmingham, and South Staffordshire, Standard Bank of Africa, Midland, and London and County Bank shares. A slight decline occurred, however, in British and Californian Bank, and Commercial Bank of India (issued at £10. prem.).

An ordinary amount of business was transacted in miscellaneous shares, and prices in a few instances were depressed. National Financial declined 5s.; Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England, General Credit and Finance, Imperial Mercantile Credit Association, Egyptian Commercial and Trading, and Hudson's Bay, 2s. 6d. per share. National Steam Navigation advanced 10s. per share. Berlin Waterworks were done at 9 8½; Chelsea, 26½ ¾; East London, 125; do. (New), 15¾; London and St. Katharine Docks, 71 ½; Continental Union Gas, 10 ¼; European do., 14½ 13¾; do. (New), 7½ ¼; Great Central, 16¾ ¼; Imperial, 86 5½; do. (New), 80; London, 80¾ 79; Phoenix, 88¾; Surrey Consumers (New), 7½; United General, 39 40; and Westminster Chartered, 82 1.

The following are the latest recorded prices of business transacted in insurance companies' shares:—Alliance British and Foreign, 15½ 15; Atlas, 12½; Commercial Union, 8¾; Guardian, 49½ ½; Imperial Fire, 348 9; Imperial Life, 20¾; Liverpool and London and Globe (6 per Cent. Annuity), 121 ex. div.; London, 46; London and Provincial Law, 3½; Union, 280; Indemnity Marine, 128 9; Ocean Marine, 25¾ 6; Thames and Mersey Marine, 7¾; and Universal Marine, 5¼ ½.

The transactions in railway shares were to a moderate extent, and prices in many instances slightly depressed. Metropolitan, Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and Caledonian, declined ½ per cent.; Great Western, London and North-Western, South-Eastern, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Midland, ¼. Great Southern and Western (Ireland) advanced 1 per cent. In preference stocks the dealings were in Great Eastern (Eastern Counties Extension, No. 2), at 104; Great Northern 5 per Cents., 112; do. 5 per Cents., redeemable at 10 per cent. prem., 107; Great Western (West Midland, Oxford, 2nd Guarantee), 120; and North-Eastern 4½ per Cent. Redeemable, 98.

The biddings for 35,00,000 rupees in bills on India took place on the 21st inst. at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were—To Calcutta, 17,82,000 rupees; to Bombay, 12,00,000 rupees; and to Madras, 5,18,000 rupees. The minimum price was fixed at 1s. 11½d. on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 11¾d. on Bombay. The applications within the limits amounted to 65 lacs. Tenders on

Calcutta and Madras at 1s. 11¾d. will receive about 58 per cent., and on Monday at 2s. 0½d., about 84 per cent. All above these prices in full.

The movements of the precious metals during the past week were again of an extensive character. The imports, which amounted to about £606,347, included £112,000 from New York by the *Australasian*, and £140,800 by the *Etna*. The *Seine*, from the West Indies and the Pacific, has brought £257,937; the *Athenian*, from the West Coast of Africa, £5,110; and about £89,500 in silver has been received from the Continent. The exports have comprised £378,530 to Bombay by the *Nyanza*, £300,000 in gold has been sent to Egypt, and there have been remittances to the Continent through private sources estimated at £6,270, the total amounting to £648,800.

The directors of the Provincial Bank of Ireland have announced a dividend for the half-year ending Christmas next, at the rate of 4 per cent., and also an extraordinary dividend of 30s. on each £100 share, and 12s. on each £10 share, payable on the 16th January.

There was greater activity in the general business of the port of London last week. At the Custom-house 232 vessels were reported as having arrived from foreign ports, and 2 from Ireland. The entries outwards were 117, and the clearances 119, of which 19 were in ballast. There were 7 vessels sailed for Australia and New Zealand—namely, 2 to Moreton Bay, 2 to Sydney, and 3 for New Zealand, with an aggregate tonnage of 6,350.

Produce of the United Kingdom of the value of £64,789,266 was exported from Liverpool in 1863; of the value of £36,211,510 from London; £13,556,254 from Hull; £6,763,806 from Glasgow; £4,234,508 from Grimsby; £4,071,991 from Southampton; £2,330,741 from Folkestone; £1,894,281 from Newcastle; £1,763,880 from Cardiff; £552,899 from Leith; £1,543,715 from Hartlepool; £1,125,373 from Swansea. The order is not the same as in 1862; Grimsby has so advanced as to take precedence of Southampton; Hartlepool has fallen from being sixth in the last to be last but one.

The following is the present state of the cotton market compared with the corresponding period of last year:—

Increase of imports	611,460 bales.
Increase of quantity taken for consumption	285,340 "
Increase of stock	139,860 "
Increase of quantity taken for export.....	83,815 "
Cotton at sea—for the kingdom	299,000 "

ADVICES from Paris state that from the 1st January next the duty on the sale in France of shares and debentures of foreign companies and enterprises is to be levied on half the capital represented by the shares, and the full amount of the debentures. Hitherto only half of the latter has been taxed. M. Fould, it is reported, will shortly bring before the Council of Ministers the financial plans for the execution of public works as proposed by M. Béhic. For this purpose it is mentioned that M. Fould will not contract a loan, but introduce a law authorizing the Government to sell certain forests belonging to the State. These are calculated to realise 380,000,000f., a portion of which will serve to repay the holders of Trentenary obligations, and the remainder for the execution of M. Béhic's projects. The Bank of France has suffered a further diminution in its species since Thursday of about £4,000,000.

THE official *Gazette* of Spain publishes a decree offering interest at the rate of 8 per cent. on all sums deposited in the Government bank of deposit for fixed terms of from four to eight months, and 9 per cent. for periods of eight to twelve months.

A DRAWING of bonds of the South Austrian and Lombardo-Venetian Railway Company took place at Vienna on the 15th inst., whereby 508 bonds were drawn to be paid off, according to the tenour of the bonds, at 500f. or £20 each, payable at the usual places on the 2nd of January. The dividend due on the bonds generally is also advertised to be paid at the same period.

THE Egyptian Government has formally denied the rumours current on the London and Paris Exchanges that it was about to issue Treasury Bonds to the amount of £2,500,000.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce has officially denied that it ever offered a reward of any kind for the destruction of the *Florida*.

THE report of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States says that the expenses to be provided for during the current year, including the interest of the public debt, amount to \$1,400,000,000. The Custom's internal revenue and the miscellaneous sources are estimated to produce \$788,000,000, leaving a balance of \$620,000,000 to be provided for. Further measures reduce this increase of the public debt during the current year to \$482,000,000. It is estimated that the public debt on July 1, 1865, will be \$2,223,000,000. The expenditure in the next fiscal year is estimated at \$1,168,000,000, and the receipts at \$396,000,000. The balance in the Treasury is \$350,000,000, leaving \$422,000,000 to be provided for by loans. Mr. Fessenden is opposed to the negotiation of a foreign loan, and will not resort to a further issue of legal-tender notes as long as the people support the war by loans. The amount of interest payable in gold by the Government is \$56,000,000. If the sum required for the expenses of the present fiscal year is raised upon gold interest-bearing bonds, and the Customs receipts do not exceed the estimate of the first quarter, recourse must be had for gold to some other source of supply. He thinks the Government should rely upon securities bearing interest in currency convertible into bonds with interest payable in gold.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LORD DERBY'S HOMER.*

It has been the fortune of Homer and his poems to enjoy the very best society. The language of the Homeric epic is styled, by Colonel Mure, a "court dialect," which attained its perfection under the favour of the old Pelopidan princes of Greece; and the honour of first collecting and arranging the poems in one complete form is assigned by Cicero and other authorities to the famous Peisistratus. Nor could Homer complain of neglect in high places in our own days. The elaborate work on the Homeric age by the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a real labour of love by a most accomplished scholar, who has grudged neither time nor study in making his favourite author better known and more deeply appreciated. The most recent contribution to our knowledge of Homer is from the pen of a distinguished peer, and bears a special dedication to the Prince of Wales. It is no light task that a man sets himself when he sits down to translate the twenty-four books of the Iliad: it is no small difficulty to decide upon the important question, what is the appropriate metre in which the poem shall be cast; and it is no mean distinction to which a translator of Homer lays claim, for he must at any rate propose to himself that his work be both readable, and faithful, and, lastly, a decided advance upon existing translations, either in point of accuracy, or intrinsic beauty, or both. If this has been Lord Derby's aim, he has not failed. His attempt has been, to use his own words, "to infuse into an almost literal English version something of the spirit, as well as the simplicity of the great original." He has, at any rate, succeeded in giving to English readers the most Homeric Homer that has hitherto appeared. Compared with other professedly literal versions, Lord Derby's reads like a poem in contrast to prose;—partly from the really poetical spirit which shows itself in a thousand touches; partly from the masterly way in which the cæsura and balance of the blank verse which he has selected are treated. This must be taken as applying generally to the whole book: there are many isolated passages in which Cowper's version, or Mr. Wright's recent translation, has the advantage in point of scrupulous accuracy or neatness of expression; but Lord Derby has produced a work which is incomparably more readable, and, if not quite as faithful here and there to the letter, is, at any rate, more faithful to the spirit. In comparing these volumes with other translations of Homer into English, we ought to limit the field to those who have attempted it in heroic blank verse. Lord Derby deprecates all competition with Pope's brilliant versification. He regards, too, the Spenserian stanza and the Trochaic or ballad metre as equally unable to do justice to the simplicity and majesty of "the grand old poet." Nor is it likely that Dr. Maginn's Homeric ballads, or Mr. Barter's comical Spenserian version of the Iliad, will be put forward as very strong arguments against this decision. But the offender that calls down all the vials of Lord Derby's wrath is the "pestilent heresy" of the English hexameter. We must leave the ex-Premier to fight out the battle with Professor Arnold and Dr. Hawtrey—feeling that he has a strong partisan in Mr. Tennyson, who thought that from his "Morte d'Arthur" might be heard some "faint Homeric echoes," and who has given us a specimen of a blank verse translation from the Iliad in his last volume. Yet it is difficult to bring oneself to believe that there really is a battle about the adaptability of English to classic metres. If any could make them readable, Mr. Tennyson would be the man: witness his wonderful imitation of the Catullian Galliambic measure, and the first half of his Alcaic stanzas; the first half—for no one accustomed to the originals could accept the third and fourth lines as at all representing the run of that Logæædic metre.

Thus, with Lord Derby, we regard the heroic blank verse as the appropriate metre for an English translation of Homer, feeling that it does not force the sense to be cut into lengths, which is the tendency of the rhyming couplet, and still more so of the stanza; but it must be accepted as the best available equivalent, and not as in any way a representation of the Homeric verse. We gain in the simplicity of the verse, which leaves the translator unfettered by the difficulties of rhyme, but we lose the exquisite interchange of dactyl and spondee; we lose the delicate music which could be rung upon those changes, a sort of accompaniment which gave a melody to the most commonplace statement; we lose the very pace of the verse, which seems instinct with the action of the poem; some lines marching in slow, measured step; some seeming to gather speed as they go, and to hurry along with a series of bounds like Sisyphus' stone, and some ending with a sudden full chord, like the fall of some heavy body. All this, or much of this, we lose, and must regret; and it may have been that the sense of this want has pressed into the service Lord Derby's detestation, the English hexameter; but its marching is the marching of men in stilt, and its bounding run has all the action of the sack-race: if the heroic blank verse does not often do more than walk, yet it walks decently and with dignity; neither hero nor god need be ashamed of it.

But there is another point upon which the wisdom of Lord Derby's decision is much more doubtful; that is, his determination to turn Olympus into the Roman Pantheon, to give the Greek gods and goddesses the Latin names which are supposed to be their equivalents. If they were equivalents, the mere nomenclature

would not make much difference; but the Greek gods and goddesses were as unlike the Roman as the Greek originals of epic or dramatic poetry were different from the Latin adaptations of them. Lord Derby has the weighty authority of Mr. Gladstone on his side; but even the taste of two such distinguished scholars cannot reconcile us to the substitution of Minerva for Athene, or of Mars for Ares. The first is a palpable injustice to Athene, the second a distinct unfairness to Mars. The Etruscan Minerva was the thinking, calculating, and inventing power personified. Because she was a virgin deity, and her father was the supreme god, the Romans easily identified her with the Greek Athena; but she is as unworthy a representative of that Homeric goddess as the Homeric Ares, with his general want of self-control, is below the sterner conception of the Roman Mars. Perhaps Lord Derby was afraid of Mr. Grote's Ks and circumflex accents; or perhaps he dreaded that his Queen of Heaven might fall into the hands of careless printers, and be treated as she was in some editions of Mr. Tennyson's "Enone," not as the golden-throned Hérê, but as the humble adverb "here," with a small h. It would rather look, however, as if he was determined to do his Homeric deities an injustice, for in his translation he is a frequent offender in robbing them of some of the most characteristic epithets which belong to them. Take, for instance, the adjective *ἀγέλην*, a regular title of Athena again and again in the Iliad. Lord Derby's translation systematically refuses to notice it, although its signification, "the goddess of foray," adds so distinct a touch to the notion of the Homeric Athena. Again, when we find Homer (Il. vi. 205, 243 D) applying to Artemis the title of *χρυσήμιος*, we notice it at once as something remarkable, as the goddess is not generally represented in a chariot "holding golden-reins;" but when we look for it in Lord Derby's version (p. 194), the whole conception is lost in the single word Diana; similarly the *ἑρμειόμορφος* Ἀργεϊφόντης (xxiv. 24) dwindles down into simple "Hermes;" so again the epithet *ἐννεκρέϊων*, which is applied once to the sea god (xi. 751), is there skipped; and in several places no distinction is made between Poseidon, as the water that surrounds the earth, or the mighty Power that makes it tremble; *γαίης* and *ἰννοσίγαιος*. In Il. i. 474, 559 D, Apollo is spoken of by his title of Far-shooter, *ἰκάργος*, but in the translation he appears only as Phoebus, which not only abolishes the distinctive epithet, but substitutes for it another title of the god which belongs to a totally different set of attributes. Perhaps it may be thought hypercritical to insist upon these inaccuracies; perhaps it may be answered that the epithet or title in the original is in many cases by no means specially applicable to the passage. But it must surely have struck students of Homer as a remarkable characteristic of the epic simplicity, that epithets have hardly passed out of the sphere of proper names; and the regularity with which they recur, and their occasional inappropriateness, if it may be so called, is a peculiarity of the Homeric poems which must not be smoothed away in a translation that aims at reproducing the spirit and simplicity of the original. But Lord Derby is really a defaulter in the case of Homeric epithets generally, not only as regards the gods. When Homer calls Phthia *βωτιάνειρα* (i. 155, 183 D), he does not mean "life-sustaining fields," for *ἀνὴρ* to him is not merely *βροτός*, but is a fighting man, a hero; and this epithet, which signifies "nurse of heroes," belongs to Phthia as being the abode of the myrmidons and of Achilles himself. "Dark-blue" does not express the meaning of *οἶνοψ* (v. 771), nor does "shadowy" represent the idea of *κνάνειαι* as an epithet of the brows of Zeus (i. 528); nor will "lofty" stand for the *μεγαλήτης* (ii. 5) of Odysseus' ship. These are a few instances taken at random, yet they are sufficient to show a certain want of that scrupulous care which a scholarly translation needs. But there are graver charges than these to be made. In turning over the pages, there are not a few passages where the sense of the original is wholly misrepresented, or the Greek misunderstood. In the translation of Achilles' taunting speech to Agamemnon (i. 169, 200 D), Lord Derby has—

"To Phthia now I go; so better far,
To steer my homeward course, and leave thee here
Dishonour'd as thou art, nor like, I deem,
To fill thy coffers with the spoils of war."

In this passage, it is certainly an omission to leave out all allusion to *νηυσὶ κορωνίσι* (which is not "sable ships," as Cowper translates it, but "with curved sterns"); but the misapprehension (which Cowper shares) is in the last three lines. What Achilles says is, "I am not minded, remaining here dishonoured, to get substance and wealth for thee;" *οὐδέ σ' οἶω* (l. 170) is not *οὐδέ σε* but *οὐδέ σοι*, a similar elision to that in ix. 673, x. 544, to say nothing of the fact that in Lord Derby's version *ἰνθάδ' ἀτιμος ἰών* would be an actual false concord. Again, in the account (iv. 214, 252 D) of Machaon doctoring Menelaus for the arrow-wound, we read—

"From the close fitting belt the shaft he drew
With sharp return of pain."

How this is a translation of *τοῦ δ' ἐξελκομένου οἰοῖο πάλιν ἄγειν ὀξείας ὄγκοι* it is difficult to say. Cowper is perfectly right when he speaks about the barb being bent. The natural supposition is, that Lord Derby forgets that *ἄγειν* is for *ἰάγησαν*, and means literally "were broken off." How *ὄγκοι* means "pain," is for the translator to tell us. In Iliad vi. (59, 71 D) "No, not the fugitive" does not represent the Greek, *μηδ' ὅς φύγοι*, which signifies "let not even him escape," alluding to the unborn infant of the preceding line. In the same book (l. 333, 390 D), "Yet I will speak," loses the sense of Paris's answer; it should run, "Therefore will I

* The Iliad of Homer. Rendered into English Blank Verse by Edward, Earl of Derby. Two vols. London: Murray.

speak," viz., because thy rebuke is not causeless. In Nestor's long speech in Book XI., he speaks thus of his past fame (l. 763, 864 D), "So mighty was I, if it is possible to believe that I was so," for that is what εἰ ποτ' ἴδον γε means, and not "while yet I was," as Lord Derby translates it, though, when Helen uses the same expression in Book III., it is very fairly rendered by "lost as I am." The description of Arctos, the constellation of the Bear, "waiting on" Orion (xviii. 488, 550 D), misses altogether the point of Orion being the hunter, and keeping at bay the bear, who was half afraid of him, half inclined to attack him; yet this is the notion conveyed by καὶ τ' Ὀρίωνα δοκίμει. Nor does the translation of line xviii. 570 (646 D), "Well his liquid voice the strings accompanied," represent the sense of λῖνον δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν αἰεῖν, for λῖνον here has nothing to do with strings, but refers to the elegiac song of "Ah, Linus!" though it is but fair to say that the former is an interpretation offered by the scholiast. And once more at the end of the same book we read the lines—

"With measured chant
Two tumblers in the midst were whirling round."

But it is not the tumblers who sing, but the θεῖος ἀοιδός, whose existence Lord Derby forgets, is playing a dancing tune. We may hope that succeeding editions will clear the translation of this and similar blemishes. There is only one more complaint to be hinted at before passing on to a pleasanter task, and that is that every here and there comes an expression which belongs not to the spirit of Homer but to the columns of the newspaper. "Flattering terms" is not Homer's ἔπα μείλιχα; nor is ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμιστος, ἀνίστιος, the equivalent of he who violates religious, social, and domestic ties; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that it is the equivalent of it, but is quite foreign to the spirit of it. Lord Derby has a wholesome dread of being too pedantic; for a translator of Homer, he should have as strong a dread of being somewhat too parliamentary in his utterances.

But it is pleasant to leave the blemishes, and to come to the excellences. Perhaps no passages will better bring out Lord Derby's peculiar strength as a translator than those which contain some Homeric simile; they are generally given with faithfulness, and yet great graphic power. Take the description of the huge ocean wave (iv. 422, 482 D):—

"As by the West Wind driven, the Ocean waves
Dash forward on the far-resounding shore,
Wave upon wave; first curves the ruffled sea
With whitening crests; anon with thundering roar
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags
Recoiling flings in giant curves its head
Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-spray:
Column on column, so the hosts of Greece
Poured, ceaseless, to the war; to each the chiefs
Their orders gave; the rest in silence moved."

This is as perfect a picture as the original; the ring of the ἐπασσύτιρον and ἐπασσύτεροι is very happily rendered by the "wave upon wave" and "column on column." Cowper misses both this and also the idea of the back wave off the cliffs, which is here so vividly brought out.

This is in quite another style; from Hector's words to Andromache (vi. 450, 524 D):—

"But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,
Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes,
Nor loss of brethren numerous and brave,
By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,
So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,
Thy days of freedom lost, and led away
A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek;
Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,
Condemned to ply the loom, or water draw
From Hyperrias' or Messer's fount,
Heart-wrung, by stern necessity constrained."

This is a perfectly literal rendering, as simple and true to nature as the Greek, unless we offer a single objection to "heart-wrung," which overdoes ἀκαζομένη, for this word means only, "against thy will," and is explained by what follows, κρατερῇ δ' ἐπικύσει ἀνάγκη. "Thy days of freedom lost" contrasts well with Cowper's "thy sun of peace and liberty for ever set."

The departure of the "loftily-charioted" goddesses from heaven in the eighth book (392, 447 D) is thus given:—

"Then Juno sharply touched the flying steeds;
Forthwith the gates of heaven their portals wide
Spontaneous opened, guarded by the Hours
Who Heaven and high Olympus have in charge
To roll aside or close the veil of cloud;
Through these the excited horses held their way."

Mr. Wright translates, "or to block the approach with heavy cloud; or roll it darkling back"—the simplicity of Lord Derby's version better expresses ἡμῖν ἀνακλίνει πυκινὸν νέφος ἢ ἐπιθεῖναι. The passage about the moon and stars, at the end of Book VIII., is generally accepted as a battle-ground for translators. Here is Mr. Tennyson:—

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens

Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire," &c.

Here is Lord Derby:—

"As when in heaven, around the glittering moon
The stars shine bright amid the breathless air;
And every crag and every jutting peak
Stands boldly forth, and every forest glade;
Even to the gates of heaven is opened wide
The boundless sky; shines each particular star
Distinct; joy fills the gazing shepherd's heart," &c.

Here is Mr. Wright:—

"As when in heaven around the silver moon
Bright shine the stars, and every wind is hushed;
When pointed rock, high crag, and distant woods
Stand out revealed, and opening from beneath
The immeasurable ether bursts at once
And all the stars are seen," &c.

Neither of the two first translators seems to have seen the force of οὐρανόθεν, which Mr. Wright has partly given in his "opening from beneath." Yet all alike fail to draw the distinction between αἰθήρ, the upper air, and οὐρανός, the solid arch (πολύχαλκος) in which the constellations are set. Cowper shirks the difficulty.

Here is the simile from xii. 278 (303 D), to express the flight of stones from the hands of Greeks and Trojans:—

"Thick as the snow flakes on a wintry day,
When Jove, the Lord of Counsel, down on men
His snow-storm sends, and manifests his power:
Hushed are the winds; the flakes continuous fall,
That the high mountain-tops and jutting crags,
And lotus-covered meads, are buried deep,
And man's productive labours of the field;
On hoary ocean's beech and bays they lie,
The approaching waves their bound."

"Manifests his power" is no better than a paraphrase for πρῶτον δὲ κῆλα, which Mr. Wright better renders "In the sight of men hurling his weapons;" though he is less successful in his πρῶτον ἔργα, which he translates "pleasant works of men." Lord Derby's line about "productive labours," though heavy, is correct. "The approaching wave their bound" is quite a literal yet a happy rendering of the original, the picture being that everything is snow, down to the water-mark on the shore.

The next passage from the account of Achilles' shield, in Book XVIII., gives an excellent picture of the original:—

"And there was grav'n a wide-extended plain
Of fallow land, rich fertile mellow soil,
Thrice ploughed; where many ploughmen up and down
Their teams were driving; and as each attained
The limit of the field, would one advance,
And tender him a cup of generous wine:
Then would he turn, and to the end again
Along the furrow cheerily drive his plough.
And still behind them darker showed the soil,
The true presentment of a new ploughed field,
Though wrought in gold; a miracle of art."

We can find space only for another specimen, which, though last, is by no means least: it is from Andromache's dirge over Hector's body, in the last book (725, 847 D).

"My husband, thou art gone in pride of youth,
And in thy house hast left me desolate;
Thy child an infant still, thy child and mine,
Unhappy parents both! nor dare I hope
That he may reach the ripeness of his youth;
For ere that day shall Troy in ruin fall,
Since thou art gone, her guardian! Thou, whose arm
Defended her, her wives and helpless babes!

* * * * *

Thou to thy parents bitter griefs hast caused,
Hector! but bitterest grief of all hast left
To me! for not to me was given to clasp
Thy hand extended from thy dying bed,
Nor words of wisdom catch, which night and day
With tears I might have treasured in my heart."

It is not difficult to assure ourselves from such samples of the worthiness of the whole work. We owe Lord Derby hearty thanks for having put into our hands the best translation of Homer for English readers; not the best because others are bad, but best among the good. It is not in an ungrateful spirit that pointed allusion has been made to some errors and short-comings; it is beyond hope that a work like this should not contain some, indeed many: a second revision by the author would strike out or alter much that is wrong or ambiguous; or in other cases, again, the author may prefer his own view, after reconsideration and weighing of arguments. It is a great boon to possess an English Homer which is really readable, when one can turn the page again and again, and forget for awhile that it is but a translation. We owe not a little of this comfort in reading to the exquisite tone of the paper and the clearness of type; these are matters of detail, but they go far to transform the reading of a good book from simple satisfaction to absolute luxury.

THE SIBERIAN OVERLAND ROUTE.*

A CONSIDERABLE portion of this volume, describing a country almost entirely new, possesses remarkable interest, especially as the writer—easy, lively, and good-humoured—puts the best construction upon everything. Till we approach the Great Wall there is comparatively little novelty, because, though China has never been well delineated, we have heard so much about it that it appears stale. With Mongolia the case is different. Once the most powerful people in the world, its inhabitants have now fallen back into their primitive pastoral indolence, which inclines them to molest no one, while they submit patiently to much annoyance from others. Far back in the Middle Ages, the peaceful steppes, on which Mr. Michie encountered nothing but lamas and shepherds, were through whole generations the scene of tremendous wars, when Jenghis and his warlike progeny drilled the Mongols into conquerors, and made their martial enthusiasm overflow eastward, southward, and westward, till all the fairest portions of Asia lay prostrate beneath their sceptre. Such was the state of things when Marco Polo, the most renowned of modern travellers, won distinction and riches under Kublai Khan, and returned to Europe to relate the wonders he had seen, to be disbelieved, and to be treated as an impostor even on his death-bed. Ignorance made his contemporaries incredulous; while the growth of knowledge sometimes performs the same unkind office for us. At Shanghai, Mr. Michie dwelt little above the burning level of the sea, and for some time after he had turned his face northwards toiled over a prolongation of the same flat. Gradually, however, as he drew near the mighty table-land which constitutes the citadel of Asia, he had to climb stupendous terraces through rocky gaps and gorges, from which he ultimately emerged upon that undulating desert which stretches from the shores of the Pacific Ocean almost to the Caspian Sea. This is thought to be the original cradle of more than one among the races of mankind; and here, in nooks and crannies of the waste, still lurk those ancient faiths which perplex and astonish the traveller who endeavours to penetrate into their origin and structure. Mr. Michie is fortunately a man with little or no fear, so that we are spared those whinings, alarms, and self-bemoanings which weary us in so many travellers. He knew that it was his own fault that he chose to traverse so wild a region, and he determined to make the best of what we should call a good bargain. Many persons appear to think that all Asiatics, whatever may be their creed or colour, are invariably thirsting for your blood, or for your cash, which is much the same thing; but Mr. Michie shares our own convictions about mankind, and thinks them very tolerable in most parts of the world, if you will only consent to be pleasant with them. Thoroughly to enjoy his narrative, the reader ought to know, or desire to know, something of the Chinese, Mongols, Kirghis, and Russians; for it is with these people that he has to do during the whole journey. Lord Russell, the other day, at Aberdeen, alluded to the fact that we have not yet discovered the law which brings about the decay of states; but, however occasioned, proofs that they do decay present themselves at almost every page of Mr. Michie's volume. The Chinese have become unwarlike, and are hourly waiting for new masters; the Mongols have lost their energy, physical and moral, and are therefore in the same predicament; so, likewise, are the Kirghis and the Siberians; while the Russians, sluggish individually, though active as a mass, are thrust outwards by despotism, and exhibit nationally sufficient vigour to overwhelm the effeminate populations of the East. But they themselves must undergo many changes before they will be permitted to predominate in the world. Generally they possess the quietness and tolerance which enable them to live on a friendly footing with our more boisterous countrymen, especially beyond their own frontiers; for when you enter Russia the consciousness that they have in many respects the advantage often renders them insolent.

So much has been written in Europe about the Great Wall, constructed, no one exactly knows when, to protect China from the Tartars, that some curiosity everywhere exists respecting its history and present condition. When complete, it extended in one unbroken line from the Eastern Sea to the frontiers of Thibet, upwards of 1,500 miles, across plains, through valleys, up the acclivities and over the crests of mountains, unchecked by the most tremendous gorges, and in fact allowing no obstacle to arrest its progress. At short distances it was strengthened by towers in which garrisons were kept, and at long intervals pierced by immense arched portals, through which the commerce of the empire with the outside barbarians was carried on. But no artificial barrier ever preserved a country from invasion. The Tartars climbed over the wall and subdued China, after which the huge fortification only became a monument of the weak policy by which it had been thrown up. It has now in many places crumbled to ruins, as in the vicinity of the town through which Mr. Michie passed out into Mongolia:—

"While we are waiting for our camels we have plenty of time to see Chan-kia-kow, but, after all, there is not much to see. The view from the house where we lived was across the pass, and looked straight on the mountain wall on the other side. So close were we to the mountain that the sun was several hours up before he was seen topping the hill. The Great Wall runs over the ridges of these hills, nearly east and west. This structure is entirely in ruins here. The

rubbish that once composed it remains and marks the line. Many of the towers are still standing. I doubt if the wall ever has been so massive in this quarter as near its eastern terminus, where I crossed it a few years ago. Where the Great Wall crosses the town of Chan-kia-kow it is kept in good repair, and has a good solid arch with a gate, which is closed nominally at sunset. There is no traffic from the town except through this port, and all Mongols and Chinese dismount in passing."

The Chinese are a singular people, whom neither despotism nor poverty can render lazy. Wherever they exist, they display indefatigable industry—draining swamps, cutting down forests and jungle, constructing roads, laying out gardens, and converting the most inhospitable wastes into productive fields. This they have done at Singapore, in Borneo, in Corea, and in Mongolia, though, according to some, in this last country their success has been but partial. If so, the reason is not difficult to be discovered. Unwilling to lose an inch of soil, they demolish the woods, thus exposing the land to those periodical droughts, which are necessarily followed by famine. To render Mongolia arable, vast mounds should be thrown up and planted with trees, to break the force of the north wind. Besides, trees are the natural sources of streams and rivulets, and whoever plants them in a bare country is a public benefactor. There is something extremely refreshing in Mr. Michie's description of his first glimpse of the great table-land, winnowed by keen breezes, generative of health and animal spirits:—

"The morning of the 27th of August was as bright and cheery as the most lively fancy could paint. The air resounded with the notes of hosts of skylarks, which one does not often hear in these far-off regions. The sun warmed up fast, and in a few hours dried up the heavy dew that lay on the grass in the early morning. The pasture was exceedingly rich, and sprinkled with 'gowans' and other wild flowers, which imparted a delicious fragrance to the fresh morning air. Many herds of cattle and horses were scattered over the plain, the Mongol herdsmen incessantly galloping round their flocks to keep them together, their shouts audible from great distances in the still air, and the perpetual movement of vast numbers of parti-coloured beasts gave an animation to the scene which was quite exhilarating to the spirits. A small brook trickled tortuously through the plain, where we managed to kill a few snipe, greatly to the delight of the straggling Mongols, who rode up to us from various quarters. The only building in sight was a temple which we had passed in the night, and which was the last brick-and-mortar structure we were to see for many days. We were now fairly among the dwellers in tents, and began to realize what it was to be cut off from civilized life; for, whatever may be the various opinions of Chinese civilization in its higher developments, you can, at all events, obtain in China every necessary and many luxuries for money. In the 'Land of Grass' we had to depend on our own resources, but with the comfortable assurance that these were amply sufficient for us. Our introduction to nomad life was under happy auspices, and we were at the outset favourably impressed with the Mongols and their country, an impression which never entirely wore out, even under very adverse circumstances. I never till that morning experienced the consciousness of absolute freedom. Many Mongol visitors rode up to our encampment, bringing plentiful supplies of new milk, cheese, and other preparations from milk very like Devonshire cream."

Nearly all travellers through Russia have noticed the musical voices of the peasantry, upon which, however, tyranny has impressed a plaintive character. It is different in Mongolia. As the Nomades journey across the steppes, they enliven the way with songs, and their voices suggest a striking contrast with those of the squeaking Chinese. The lama, or Shamanist priest, by whom Mr. Michie was accompanied, habitually broke forth into his wild native chants, and, when joined by another camel-driver with a voice no less sonorous, made the welkin ring. This implied contentment and a complete sense of security. Mr. Michie's narrative does not abound in elaborate passages, but is throughout lively and animated, with here and there a sparkling bit of description jotted down probably while the scene was before his eyes. The grand monotony of the Mongol steppe is brought home to the mind by the following words:—

"So far, Mongolia is a succession of plains and gentle undulations, much resembling the long swell of the ocean, and, here and there, the country is a little rough and hilly. The undulations stretch across our track from east to west. The whole face of the country looks like the sea. There is not a tree or any object to break the monotony of the vast expanse, but occasionally the yurt or tent of a Mongol family. The sunrise and sunset encourage the illusion, and the camel has been aptly called the ship of the desert."

In most parts of Asia there is an abundance of game which wayfarers may appropriate as they go along to culinary purposes; but in Mongolia birds and wild animals are few, owing to the paucity of streams, and the almost total absence of cover. Yet on some portions of the steppe, herds of antelopes, called yellow sheep by the Chinese, and guruh by the Mongols, cross the traveller's path. They are about the size of fallow-deer, and would no doubt be very good eating; but they are so shy and fleet that one might almost as well attempt to capture the mirage, which, on the same elevated country, moves almost constantly in front of caravans, assuming every moment new shapes, now gleaming and quivering on the ground like a sheet of water, now flying off to the right and left like spray, now rising in various forms, and mocking the eye in the air. Whoever has toiled through the great desert of Lybia cannot fail to have noticed with a shudder the bleaching bones of camels

* The Siberian Overland Route from Peking to Petersburg, through the Deserts and Steppes of Mongolia, Tartary, &c. By Alexander Michie. London: Murray.

whitening the sands at very short intervals along the track of the caravans. It is the same in Mongolia:—

"The whitened bones of camels are scattered all over the desert, but in this place they were more numerous than ever. I believe the camels always die on the road. They are worked till they drop, and when one of a caravan fairly breaks down, there is no alternative but to leave it to die on the sand."

In one country, the agent of death is heat; in another, it is cold. In default of any other influence, the north wind on these steppes might accomplish a great deal:—

"It blew fresh and cold from S.W., and in the afternoon it came round to N.W., a regular *choinar salchin*, or north wind, a word of horrible signification to Mongols. And if dreaded in September, what must it be in January? I often wondered how the wretches get through their dreary winter. They are taken very suddenly with these cold northers. The day may be fine, and almost oppressively warm. A cloud comes over, and drops as much water as you would get out of a watering-pan. Then the north wind pipes up, and in a few hours you have made the transition from a tropical summer to worse than an Arctic winter, for the biting wind cuts into the bone."

Still—

"With all its drawbacks, there is a charm about desert life which is worth something to a man who has undergone the worry of incessant occupation. You are safe there from the intrusions of mail steamers and electric telegraphs, and 'every day's report of the wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.' The longer you live in such quiet solitudes the more independent you feel of the great struggling world without. It is a relief to turn your back on it for a while, and betake yourself to the children of nature, who, if they lack the pleasures, lack also many of the miseries, and some of the crimes, which accompany civilization."

All writers on the sublime suggest the efficacy of monotony and contrast—the one creating the idea of endless duration, the other of destructive vicissitudes. The surface of Mongolia supplies both. Emerging from the undulating plain, we come abruptly upon a landscape like the following:—

"From our elevated position we came suddenly on a view of scenery of surpassing magnificence. An amphitheatre of mountains lay before us, rising up in sharp ridges, and tumbled about in the wildest confusion, like the waves of the sea in a storm. The crests of many of them were crowned with patches of wood, and to us, who had lived so long in the flat, treeless desert, the effect of this sudden apparition was as if we had been transported to fairy land."

To convey some idea of Mr. Michie's principal companion, we must relate in the author's words a serio-comic incident which, according as it should turn out, might have been designated tragic or funny. The lamas are commonly very much like sheep—fat, harmless, and timid, so well satisfied with the easy life they lead that they would like to prolong it indefinitely. As the party was proceeding, one of the guns, which they always kept loaded in a cart, went off by accident, and, missing the camel that drew the vehicle,—

"One of the pellets hit the lama who was bringing up the rear, at a distance of full sixty yards, and made a groove on the outside of the flap of his ear. It bled profusely; in fact, the first notice he had of the injury was the streams of blood that suffused his neck and shoulders. He roared in terror, thinking he was at least killed; stopped the caravan; dismounted from his camel, and committed himself to the care of Tellig and the Kitat lama. The tent was hastily put up, and all made ready for a halt. Tellig and the others were greatly alarmed, and disturbed in their minds, and we were somewhat uncertain of the view their superstitious fanaticism might lead them to take of the affair. Luckily, we had just got clear of another very large caravan, and were spared the officious assistance of a crowd of people. There was a pool of water close by, and we sent for repeated supplies of it, washing the ear, and letting it bleed freely. The wound was nothing at all, but the profuse bleeding frightened the Mongols. Our policy was to look wise; and my companion being provided with a neatly got-up little case containing various articles of the *materia medica*, it was produced, and inspired a proper amount of blind faith in the minds of our Mongol friends. The wound was washed with arnica, and a piece of sticking-plaster put on it so successfully, that it completely stopped the bleeding, and made a very neat finish. The Mongols looked on with much wonder and reverence at our proceedings, and if any idea of retaliation for the injury had crossed their minds, it was now giving place to a feeling of gratitude for our surgical assistance. The lama was helpless from fright, and we had him lifted to his tent, where we made him recline on a bed that had been extemporized for him with boxes and things packed behind him on the windy side. A towel was tied round his head to keep the cold out, and he was made as comfortable as our means would allow. He looked sad and woe-begone, and we could with difficulty suppress a smile at the utter prostration of mind that the sight of his own blood had induced. He now imagined he had pains in his head, throat, and chest, and, seeing him so entirely a victim to his fears, we were obliged to humour them a little, prescribing for his various symptoms with great care. The first thing we ordered him was a measured glass of brandy, knowing him to be partial to that liquor. This roused him a little, and his pluck began to return. We then prescribed tea, which was soon made, and, as he improved in spirits, we ordered mutton, knowing they had some scraps left from their morning's feast. All that done, we allowed him to smoke, and finally prescribed a good night's rest. In the morning, we inquired for our

patient, and found him well, but much inclined to remain in his shell till the north wind was over. This was a little too much of a good thing; so, when we had carefully examined him all over and scrutinized all his symptoms, we were compelled to announce him fit to travel."

Mr. Michie afterwards enters upon the consideration of race, religion, manners, and national character, and falls into a little confusion of ideas on some of these subjects. Affirming that the Mongols are neither noble nor generous, he yet represents them to be in a supreme degree hospitable, ready to sacrifice their own interests to those of their neighbours, affectionate, kind, and covetous beyond all other Orientals. In practical ethics they confessedly stand on a higher level than any civilized people, though, in physical development, figure, and features, inferior to most tribes of mankind, the low African races excepted. He justly observes that the question of colour is a difficult one; but so also is every point connected with the diversities of the human species. It cannot be to his religion that the Mongol owes his superior morals, because that he holds in common with the most vicious populations on the earth; it must, therefore, be traced to his origin and to his blood, whatever that may be. The remainder of Mr. Michie's journey from Kiachta to Petersburg lay through a better known country, though he contrives to infuse an interest into the whole of his narrative, which deserves to be widely read, and in many parts even to be studied. The volume is adorned with numerous illustrations, and supplied with two excellent maps.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.*

ONE effect of the practice of the so-called pre-Raphaelite school has been to bring about a complete change in the character of our book-illustrations. The nature of this change can be recognised at a glance, by comparing an illustrated English book produced ten years ago with one brought out during the present or three or four preceding years. In some respects the change has been greatly and manifestly for the better, but the gain to art has not been entirely without drawback. Within the last ten years, and notably within the last five years, the ordinary work of book-illustration has been undertaken by a number of artists supposed to have attained a much higher point of artistic culture than the average of the men whom they displaced. No doubt this supposition was, in the main, quite warranted. Without placing names in invidious opposition, we may admit that the new men generally brought with them, for the performance of their task, not only an abundance of new ideas and an entirely new style, but more accurate powers of observation, knowledge of drawing, and acquaintance with the minor details of their art, than the professed book-illustrators with whom they went into competition. But their advantages ended there. In two respects the old book-illustrators are superior to the new: they had studied and made themselves masters of the technical part of their special and peculiar branch of art; and they were more or less gifted with a faculty of which we recognise hardly any trace in the English art of the present day—imagination. To the "pre-Raphaelites" we owe it that our art has made no stand against the influence of the materialistic taint of the time, of the effects of which the naturalistic in art, as we see it now almost universally expressed by our painters and book-illustrators, is one of the most obvious signs. Against such an evil there is always the hope of reaction; but, so far as we can see, it has not yet even reached the stage of full development. Perhaps the most striking example of the absence of the faculty of imagination in our present book-illustrators has been given recently by the publication of the first half of "Dalziel's Arabian Nights." Here the subject was a book perfectly inexhaustible in its suggestions of imaginative and fanciful pictures. How have the artists who undertook to present some of these pictures done their work? Positively as if they had been illustrating a matter-of-fact book of Eastern travel, instead of one of fairy romance. The supernatural life, the dream-splendours, and the impossible richness of the "Arabian Nights" have all been unseen, or at any rate undepicted, by them, and their "illustrations," but for the importunate fidelity of the costumes and architectural details represented, have been conceived and executed in a frame of mind completely untouched by Eastern warmth. In accordance with the tendency of their practice, they have sacrificed the spirit to the letter with a result of absolute untruthfulness. It would not be very difficult to prove that the same kind of untruthfulness underlies a great part of their work, though they themselves may be unconscious of the fact. In the midst of some of the most pretentious work put forth by them latterly, we detect a strong under-current of sham, of drawing affecting boldness, but representing only careless or gratuitously perverse execution, of composition to which a semblance to originality has been given by mere arbitrary arrangement of parts, of "daring effects" that have no foundation in nature. It is possible that some of these workers may believe that they alone among artists represent the truth

* The Cornhill Gallery; containing One Hundred Engravings from Drawings on Wood (being Designs for the Illustrations of the *Cornhill Magazine*). London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

The New Testament. With Engravings on Wood from Designs by Fra Angelico, &c., &c. London: Longmans.

Pictures of English Life. After Original Studies by R. Barnes and E. M. Whimperis. Engraved by J. D. Cooper. With Descriptive Poems by J. G. Watts. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

Hyperion; a Romance. By H. W. Longfellow. Illustrated with Twenty-four Photographs of the Rhine, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, by Francis Frith. London: Bennett.

of art—that they alone give the aspect of things as they actually are. That such an estimate of themselves is delusive, the “Cornhill Gallery” appears to us to bear conclusive evidence. The collection of one hundred illustrations from the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which this “Gallery” is formed, gives a tolerably complete view of the present state of the art of book-illustration—the best artists, and very excellent engravers, having been employed upon the work.

The publishers of the “Cornhill Gallery” have very exactly stated their object, in reproducing these works in a separate form, to be “a desire to render an act of justice to the eminent artists of whose talents they have availed themselves in the illustration of the *Cornhill Magazine*, by exhibiting, with the aid of the finest printing, the real quality of those illustrations as works of art.” We are not able to say that we think the merits of these works called for such a special kind of recognition. They represent neither more nor less than the average quality of the book-illustrations of the day, and, apart from the stories which they were intended to illustrate, are but slightly interesting as pictures. We say this with reference to the collection as a whole, and not intending to imply that, out of the round hundred pictures composing it, there are not any possessing independent value. All things considered, the series of illustrations to George Eliot’s “*Romola*,” by Mr. Frederick Leighton, A.R.A., are the most noteworthy, and, we hold, the most objectionable, in the “gallery.” They fail in the very first requisite of book-illustrations, that of illustrating the text which they are designed to accompany. In not one of Mr. Leighton’s twenty-four pictures is the character of *Romola* presented to the eye of the reader of the romance. The life he represents is, in fact, not that of the characters of whom his author has written, but only such a presentment of it as might have been given by Giotto and Cimabue, had they lived a hundred and fifty years later. We cannot look upon these works as anything but anachronisms, wrought with very extraordinary imitative power. To have been in unison with these pictures, the text of “*Romola*” should have been written in the English of the fifteenth century; the design of the author should, in fact, have been to produce as nearly as possible such a work as a writer contemporary with Savonarola might have written. He was too great an artist to think of playing any such masquerade-trick with his genius. There is the difference between him and his illustrator: George Eliot has placed himself *en rapport* with the living men and ideas of the fifteenth century, and portrayed the characteristics of both with a wonderful verisimilitude; Mr. Leighton has approached no nearer to the actual life he undertakes to represent than a study of paintings produced in the infant state of art can bring him. He takes for truth what is only a part of it; to him the earnest but crude beginnings of Art are its final triumphs; and his illustrations of “*Romola*” present to our eyes remarkable examples of misdirected talent.

Mr. Millais has been employed on the *Cornhill* to illustrate two of the stories by Mr. Anthony Trollope, “*Framley Parsonage*” and “*The Small House at Allington*,” which originally appeared therein. To these he furnishes twenty-four designs, some of which are worthy of his pencil, others disgraceful to it. There is, perhaps, hardly another living novelist whose works are so little suggestive of pictorial illustration as those of Mr. Anthony Trollope; but it is precisely in proportion to the difficulty of the task undertaken that we expect a good workman to put out his strength. It seems clear to us that Mr. Millais has made no attempt to meet more than the barest presentment of his author’s incidents, the results being, in several instances, ludicrously tame. It would not be doing justice to Mr. Millais to judge these works by any standard lower than that which he has himself set up; but, judged by this standard, it becomes painfully obvious that many of the pictures which bear his signature in the “Cornhill Gallery” ought never to have been published, so feeble in conception, so false in drawing, and, generally, so slovenly in execution, are they. As an example, we may point to the engraving numbered 68 in the “Gallery,” and again to the one numbered 66. In the latter picture, the figure of “Young Eames” lying on his back in the grass is really no figure at all, but only a bundle of ill-disposed clothes. The same objection applies, even more emphatically, to design No. 2. How powerfully Mr. Millais can draw, and what a life-like look he can give to his figures when he chooses to do his best, we are not denying; but we feel bound, in opposition to much *ad captandum* praise that has been lavished on these “Cornhill” pictures of his, to protest against more than a small portion of them being accepted as specimens of his best work, or in any way worthy of selection for preservation.

After the works of Mr. Millais, those of Messrs. F. Walker and G. Du Maurier, are the most prominent in the “Gallery.” Both these artists bring to the work of book-illustration unquestionable power; but they represent, in a concentrated form of expression, the vice of realism to which we referred at the beginning of this notice. In the pictures now before us, we find flagrant examples of the *sham* of which we have spoken as characteristic of the work of the present book-illustrators. We may draw attention to number twenty-six for an example of *sham* “effect.” In this design, in which the figure of Philip is monstrously out of drawing, there is what appears to be a bold attempt to give the effect of gas-light thrown strongly downward by means of an opaque reflector. The artist has made about the circle of the light’s rays a haze of lines, laid in all directions, as if with masterly calculation, in which the outline of the reflector—which would stand out black and sharply defined against the inner flood of light—is lost. Let anyone

observe the appearance of gas-light surrounded by an opaque reflector, and the wilful falsity of Mr. F. Walker’s “effect” will be instantly apparent to him, and also the *sham* quality of its execution. In this same design may also be seen most of the vicious characteristics of the style which the present book-illustrators have one and all adopted, though a stronger example is presented by Mr. Du Maurier’s design, numbered ninety-seven, in which what is intended by him to pass for freedom of drawing, is really nothing but a ridiculous and impertinent affectation of originality. We do not deny that there is both grace and sentiment in the two figures of which the picture is composed; but we do say that the execution of the draperies, the carpet, rug, and window-hangings, is simply execrable, representing truly none of the objects named, either as to form or texture. The representation of texture is, in fact, impossible with such means as these artists alone employ. That they employ no other means we take to be a consequence of their having neglected to study specially the branch of art which they have chosen to pursue. They affect to ignore the intervention of the engraver, whose art is rapidly declining into a mere mechanical process under this treatment. For these works composing the “Cornhill Gallery” no more represent examples of the best English wood-engraving than the chasing on a presentation-cup represents the perfection of line-engraving. Nearly every one of the hundred pictures before us exhibits in legible characters evidence of the struggle which has been waged between the draughtsman and the engraver in the production of the final result, such as it is. Of the finer capabilities of wood-engraving the artists of the “Cornhill Gallery” appear, almost without exception, to be either ignorant or contemptuously disregarding. Had it been otherwise, their works might have been fully worthy of the honour which has now been done to them, but which we think the larger number of them are far from having deserved.

In the way of luxurious illustrated books for use, the equal of the Messrs. Longman’s “*New Testament*” (adorned with pictures from the works of the great Italian painters, and ornamented on every page with beautifully engraved borders), could not easily be named. The collection of the materials for this splendid volume was pursued by Mr. Thomas Longman for several years, we believe, as a hobby, aided in his labours of love by Mr. Henry Shaw, by whom all the richly decorative portions of the book were executed. The scale on which the pictures have necessarily been engraved is too small to admit of perfect rendering; but they serve to recall the grand originals, and they are placed where their meaning is rendered most obvious—in the midst of the text which inspired their composition. The price at which the volume is now offered—three guineas—should command for it a large sale. A year ago it was first issued at ten guineas to subscribers, by whom it was not thought to be dear.

To persons who like such pictures of country life as we are accustomed to see on the walls of minor exhibitions of the season, a table-book, just published, composed of ten large wood-engravings by Messrs. R. Barnes and E. M. Whimperis, will no doubt be acceptable. The designs, of which eight, by Mr. R. Barnes, represent scenes of quasi-cottage life, the remaining two, by Mr. E. M. Whimperis, dealing with seashore life, have evidently been studied from the facts, only the study has resulted in something of a super-refined presentation of the selected subjects which detracts from their trustworthiness. Each picture is accompanied by a copy of verses (so such mere pumped-up rhyming effusions would have been called a few years back), the design of which we suppose to be to play a trick with any credulous reader who may inadvertently chance to read them. If our supposition is correctly founded, we are prepared to enter heartily into the joke, and, as a proof of our sympathetic jocularity, give at once a neat specimen of our poet’s waggery. It is entitled “*The Hour of Rest*,” and faces one of Mr. R. Barnes’s pictures—a group of harvesters lying in a shady spot, two men, a saucy-looking girl (who is giving and taking in a chaffing conversation which is going on between them), and a grinning boy, looking on. Says our funny poet:—

“Fling by your sickles, harvesters,
By noontide sun oppress,
And hie you to yon gen’rous shade,
And take your hour of rest;
Forth from your little wallets bring
Your sweet but simple cheer,
And from its lurking nook fetch up
The quaint old keg of beer.

They’re seated on the pleasant sward,
And smiles contagious rise,
And fly from ready lip to lip,
And dart from eyes to eyes;
And Sue to John, and Will to Bess,
Say fun-provoking things,
Till with their honest peals of mirth
The list’ning welkin rings.”

Have we really in the poet of “*The Hour of Rest*” a new humourist? His “fun-provoking things” are exquisite.

Mr. T. Frith, the photographer, last year, or the year before, we forget which, brought out an edition of Professor Longfellow’s “*Hyperion*,” illustrated with photographs of all the scenes in which the action of the romance is supposed to take place, and the book was well received, as it deserved to be. It has again been issued, and we may strongly recommend it to the notice of lovers of artistic photography. Some of the views are wonderfully reproduced, and all are interesting as famous points of continental travel.

TWO MONTHS IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.*

NOTWITHSTANDING one rather serious fault, Mr. Cooley's record of his experiences as a patient in Charing Cross Hospital, where he passed two months in the accident ward, is a very interesting and noteworthy book. The author is unusually well qualified to treat such a subject. He has had the most intimate personal acquaintance with what he undertakes to explain; he is himself a medical practitioner, and therefore trained to the observation of all matters pertaining to physical suffering and the means for alleviating it; and he is also a practised literary man, and consequently accustomed to the expression of whatever he has to say. It appears that some time ago Mr. Cooley was returning on a winter night to his suburban home from the neighbourhood of Woburn and Russell Squares, and was hurrying down towards the Strand to catch an omnibus, when the accident which laid him up took place. He was crossing a thoroughfare which was partially obstructed by some temporary wooden sheds erected in connection with the Metropolitan Main Drainage Works; the huge gas jets in front of these threw a wavering and bewildering light into a very thick and misty air; and Mr. Cooley did not see two heavily-laden omnibuses until they were upon him. The pole of one threw him down, and the next moment the horses were trampling on his head, throat, and body. The wheels of the other omnibus (the two appear to have been running a race, and going at a rate of speed doubly dangerous on a foggy night) passed over his projecting leg and ankle; and, owing to the brutality of the drivers, and the want of prompt action on the part of the bystanders, three or four minutes elapsed before he was dragged out, "a mangled heap of blood, and mud, and rags." He was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, after being temporarily attended to at a neighbouring public-house; and it is in consequence of his two months' compulsory stay in the noble institution between King William and Agar Streets, aided by his previous experience of hospitals as a medical man, that he is enabled to give the public the present volume on the management and general features of these asylums of the sick and wounded.

The injuries which Mr. Cooley received were of course of a most serious and complicated kind. He gives a very minute account of them, with their subsequent effects; but it will be sufficient for our non-professional readers to know that, besides the crushing of the leg, his head, face, and throat were terribly wounded by the pawing of the horses, and his right arm was broken. The injuries to the head were so serious that tumours formed, temporarily separating the scalp from the bones of the skull, and leading to repeated and exhausting suppuration; while one of his ears was nearly torn from the cheek. In this lamentable condition the patient lay for several weeks trembling between life and death, watched, not only by the hospital authorities, but by a devoted wife, whose death (accelerated by the anxieties of that sad time) he has since had to deplore. Mr. Cooley divides his little work between a record of his own particular feelings, physical and mental, during the period of his prostration, and a description of hospital life in general. It is in the former section that we observe certain faults of treatment which depreciate the value of what he has to tell. Nothing can be more interesting to any reasonable and sympathetic human being than a narration of the experiences of a fellow-creature under circumstances so unusual and painful; but the worth of such a revelation must be in proportion to its thorough genuineness and strict accuracy, as far as the observer's powers extend. Now, we cannot resist the conviction that Mr. Cooley's account of his mental impressions during hours of wandering and delirium has been "treated" with a view to effect. In his preface he says:—"Were I at the present time, with the same materials at my command, to sit down to write a similar narrative, I should probably arrange and treat the subject differently; but I doubt whether the resulting work would possess equal interest to the present one. The advantages of orderly arrangement and precision possessed by the one would be more than counterbalanced by the freshness, familiar style, and diversified character of the other." Our objection, however, is not to any want of precision in the mere form; it is to the exaggerated and evidently "made up" style in which certain circumstances (in themselves we have no doubt partially true) are set forth. Like most persons in a state of prostration, Mr. Cooley had strange visions and conceptions; he was often carried away in imagination to an entirely ideal world, and lived amongst scenes and events which were prolonged and complicated after the fashion of a romance or play. All this we can readily believe to result from the disordered condition of the nerves, as in the case of opium-eaters; but when Mr. Cooley treats us, page after page, to elaborate stories, written in a most flowery and clap-trap style,—when he reports the very dialogues that took place between himself and his fanciful creations, and we find those dialogues uncommonly like the flimsy sentimentality of a third or fourth-rate Christmas book,—and when we see the whole carefully recommended to our notice by sensational chapter-heads,—we cannot but suspect that the author has been thinking less of making a contribution to the history of mental science than of writing an amusing book. He gets at one time into a fairy region, where he meets a beautiful female sprite, with whom he has some coquettish conversation:—

"Ah!" she continued, heaving a deep sigh fragrant as a zephyr

fresh from a bed of roses, 'Ah! We are not what we seem to be.' . . .

"We can 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.' That beats your snail-like iron horses, though they snort and roar so. They form one of the annoyances we fly from. We forsake the parts they penetrate for more quiet spots. Alas! they are now gradually intruding every where. If they come nearer I must close my court here, and retire I know not whither. That nectar you tasted?—"

"It was delicious; whence came it?"

"From the fresh-opened cups of blooming flowers—diluted with a dew-drop. Sip again!"

"And your food?"

"Ambrosial honey from the same cups, before the bee has tasted it."

"And your raiment?"

"The floating gossamers of summer's prime, woven in fairy-loom with rays plucked from the silver moonlight." . . .

"And your nights—how are they passed?"

"In sportive play and merry gambols in the flowery meadows and the quiet dells, in al fresco concerts, in distant visits, in whispering hope to care-worn and despairing hearts, in suggesting pleasing thoughts and dreams to the fevered soul tossing on the bed of sickness, in raising before the desponding wife or mother fair visions of the absent loved ones—such are our pastimes."

That Mr. Cooley may have had some such dream as he describes we can well believe; but is it possible to doubt that he has here worked up the recollections of his wanderings into what he conceives to be "a pretty little story"? So also with the tale of the gnomes, and the learned genii with whom he holds long discourses on the origin and formation of languages, and the mysterious old house near Leicester Square, where he discovers MSS. of a vast antiquity; so again with the romantic story of Heinrich and Inez. Instead of a truthful statement, deeply interesting on psychological grounds, we have a series of literary exercises, apparently intended for Christmas reading, but on which, considered from a philosophical point of view, we can place no sort of reliance. When Mr. Cooley comes to plain matter-of-fact, we are much more inclined to listen to him. On the whole, he gives a very favourable account of our hospital system, as far as he experienced it. He speaks of the kindness he received at all hands, of the careful medical attendance, excellent food, and costly stimulants; and, though admitting that the nurses are sometimes incompetent, and not selected from a proper class, he attributes this to the smallness of the salary offered—£30 a year, out of which they have to clothe and for the most part, to board themselves. But there are, occasionally, very serious errors in the management of hospitals. Thus, we read:—

"I had no reason to complain of my medicines until about the third week before I left the hospital. At this time every thing connected with the dispensary department appeared to go wrong. Putrid infusion of calumba with lumps of green mould floating on it was then several times supplied to me and other patients for quinine-mixture; and as we could not take it, we were compelled to throw it away. On two different occasions we were kept, for the whole twenty-four hours, altogether without medicine, owing to the absence of the dispenser; and on two or three occasions I only obtained it through the kindness of Mr. M—, the assistant house-surgeon, who seeing my mixture-bottle empty, went and prepared a fresh batch of the medicine himself. This state of things arose, as I was told, from the personal affairs of the dispenser leading him to absent himself."

"I once knew a man who had been a gentleman's servant, elected, by interest, to the office of dispenser. He was so ignorant of his business, that I personally heard him order 14 lb. of rock-salt for sal-ammoniac, and afterwards ascertained that he actually used to dispense the one for the other in making up collyria (eye-waters or eye-lotions), believing them to be the same. Another I met with, was so careless that he dispensed even such poisons as prussic acid, corrosive sublimate, &c., when in haste, without either weighing or measuring them, merely by guess-work. I could multiply instances."

"Errors in affixing labels not infrequently occur. On one of my visits to one of our largest hospitals, a female with all the symptoms of lead-poisoning was brought there in a cab. As an out-patient, a bottle of mixture and a bottle of lotion had been given her about two hours previously. It appeared, on examining the two bottles which had been brought back with her in the cab, that they had been accidentally mislabelled. The consequence was that the poor woman had washed her leg with the tonic mixture, and taken, per month, the poisonous lotion. By the use of the stomach-pump and appropriate antidotes, she was, however, fortunately 'put to rights;' and in a couple of hours was able to return home."

These errors, Mr. Cooley says, are sometimes attributable to "the crowding, hurry, and confusion, resulting from the presence of so many applicants at once."

We cannot refrain from quoting, ere we conclude, a paragraph peculiarly and painfully applicable to the festival we are now on the eve of observing:—

"The festive season of the year about Christmas, particularly the first half of the month of January, is generally prolific in cases of 'delirium tremens' or drunkards' madness. In my earlier days in the hospital there were several of them, with the usual painful and fatal scenes that accompany them. It is always painful, indeed horrible, to see or hear a being formed in the divine image of his Maker, acting and raving like a madman to a degree that renders it compulsory to have recourse to physical restraint to keep him in bed, or to prevent his doing violence to himself and others; and this is particularly so when, as in the case of delirium tremens, the calamity is brought on the patient by that most disgraceful and

* Two Months in a London Hospital: its Inner Life and Scenes. A Personal Narrative. By Arnold J. Cooley. London: Groombridge & Sons.

degrading of all vices—habitual drunkenness. Notwithstanding that the usual precautions were adopted, one of the patients, almost in a state of nudity, attempted to escape from the hospital, and was not arrested in his progress until he had nearly passed the stairs leading into the hall of the building."

Strange and melancholy fact, that our great Christian celebration should be turned into an excuse for the grossest sensualism!

PALESTINE.*

IN the pages of the work under notice, the author's main object has been to portray as faithfully as possible the manners, customs, habits, &c., of the present inhabitants of Palestine, as compared with those of the ancient Hebrews who dwelt in the same part of the world. This has been his constant aim throughout the book, the subject-matter of which is the result of personal experience gained during eight years' residence in the Holy Land. Signor Pierotti is a doctor of mathematics, and was formerly civil and military architect-engineer to his Excellency Surraya Pasha of Jerusalem, which post he held, while living in Palestine, from 1855 to 1863. The first two chapters of his work are entirely devoted to a history of the character and habits of the domestic and wild animals at present inhabiting Palestine, and, from his frequent mention of the numerous allusions to these animals contained in Scripture, the chapters form a kind of natural history of the Bible. Among the domestic animals indigenous to the Holy Land, Signor Pierotti includes the horse, the ass, the mule, the dog, the pig, and the camel; while in the category of savage and undomesticated animals he places the crocodile, the hyæna, the jackal, the wild boar, and the serpent, together with a few destructive and pestiferous insects, such as locusts, grasshoppers, mosquitoes, flies, gnats, &c. Of the domesticated animals of Palestine, our author gives the ass the first place, because, next to the camel, it seems to be the most useful, the most enduring, and the most docile of all the animals in the East. It was the first in the Holy Land that did Signor Pierotti any service, by carrying him to Jerusalem—a distance of twenty-eight miles and a half. Our author further observes, with respect to this animal, that "it is useful for riding and for carrying burdens; it is sensible of kindness, and shows gratitude; it is very steady, and is larger, stronger, and more tractable than its European congeners; its pace is easy and pleasant; and it will shrink from no labour, if only its poor daily feed of straw and barley be fairly given." He adds that the ass will undertake any enterprise provided it be liberally and handsomely fed, and that it then wears "an altered and dignified mien." As regards the pig, Signor Pierotti says that its flesh constantly supported him during the earlier part of his stay in Palestine, and he afterwards found that a piece of bacon was of far greater service to him than a sword, a rifle, or a revolver. His Arab followers or attendants often reviled him behind his back for eating pork, calling him "a dog of a Frank;" and he therefore recommends all travellers in this part of the globe to carry bacon instead of arms, for the former is never liable to be stolen, while the latter very frequently are. Dr. Pierotti relates several amusing anecdotes about the camel and its extraordinary patience and endurance under toil and hardship, its astonishing hardihood and abstemiousness, and its sensitiveness to kind treatment, although it is equally alive to, and mindful of, ill-usage. On these latter occasions it becomes extremely wild and ferocious, and seldom omits an opportunity of avenging itself by killing its rider or driver—a fact which Sig. Pierotti illustrates by telling a story he had heard to that effect. Much is said concerning the beauty, grace, speed, and wonderful instinct and sagacity, of the Arabian horses, and the skill and dexterity of their owners in the management of their steeds. There is an equally entertaining chapter on the wild and savage animals and their habits and modes of life. Notwithstanding the reports of various travellers, and the stories that were told him by the natives, our author saw no crocodiles in Palestine, although he searched diligently for those creatures in many of the rivers and brooks which he traversed. He obtained from the people, however, some portions of the bones of the head, from which he infers that, if the crocodile does not now exist in the Holy Land, it must have been found there not very long since.

In his chapter on "Certain Arab Legends and Incidents connected with the Bible," Signor Pierotti gives several specimens of the Arabian sacred stories respecting the creation and progress of the world (including the formation of the human animal, and the tale of Lot's wife and the pillar of salt)—stories which had been related to him by one of the scribes attached to the chief of every tribe. Here, as in all other parts of his work, the author draws frequent parallels between the Arabs of the present day and the Hebrews of Scripture, whom he says strongly resemble each other in their manners, laws, customs, and habits, the differences being only such as are brought about by change of religion. He observes, in his preface, that no one can travel long in Palestine without being struck by the numerous vestiges that are still left of the usages of its ancient possessors, and the wonderful tenacity with which they are retained by its present inhabitants. This close similarity is only to be explained by the most natural bond, affinity of race. Hence, the Hebrew traditions still hold a place in the minds of the Arabs, unaffected by foreign conquest. Some of the

stories here quoted by Signor Pierotti, while preserving the characters and many of the incidents of sacred history, exhibit in their Arabic form of adaptation considerable affinity to the tales of genii, &c., in the "Arabian Nights," together with a certain distant resemblance to some of the European fairy legends. Here is the Arabic version of "The Creation of Man":—

"It has frequently been asserted that Adam was made from the earth of the plain called 'Campus Damascenus,' near Hebron, which is of a red colour; from this his name is supposed to be derived, since Adam in Hebrew signifies red. It is therefore no wonder that the Arabs in general, and especially the Mohammedans, regard this field with great reverence, and take away morsels of the earth as relics. According to them, it was Azrael, the angel of death, who brought to God the dust of which Adam was formed. This had been gathered from the four quarters of the world, and was of different colours, corresponding with those of the different races of men. After God had made man, He placed him in a Paradise, where nothing was wanting that could minister to his pleasures; and on his complaining of loneliness, gave him Eve as his companion. She afterwards led him into sin, and God sent both of them to do penance and purify themselves by standing for forty days in the waters of the Jordan. Adam faithfully obeyed the command of God, but Eve came out of the river before her period of probation had expired, and thus incurred again the anger of the Almighty, who then separated them for one hundred years. Edrisi, an Arab historian, asserts that the body of Eve is buried at Jeddah, the port of Mecca, and that the Kaaba was the dwelling of Adam."

Our author has written a very curious and interesting chapter in the present work about women, marriages, and marriage ceremonies, of which last he gives a very lengthened and elaborate account. A wedding among the Arabs is very rarely the result of a love affair between the betrothed parties, but is regarded purely in the light of a commercial transaction. A father of a family, who may happen to have several daughters, values them in precisely the same manner that he does his sheep and cows, and disposes of them in a similar way by obtaining "a greater or less price, according to his rank and fortune, and their beauty." The children submit to the will of their father purely as a matter of business, the girls being often not above twelve years old, and the youths, who are generally betrothed many years before the wedding actually takes place, being quite unconscious of the matter until they attain the age of manhood, when they dare not refuse, but are compelled to agree to the union, at the risk, should they refuse, of being execrated by everybody, and perhaps causing strife and bloodshed. In addition to his wife's wedding outfit, the bridegroom has to purchase several presents in the way of dress for her relatives, including her uncles, aunts, brothers, and sisters, besides handing over to her father one hundred piastres to pay the expense of painting her face some hours before the wedding. The following is a description of a portion of the marriage ceremonies:—

"When the purchases and payments are made, the bridegroom begins to make arrangements for the preliminary festivities by gathering together on a Sunday all the women belonging to his own family, and those of his relations and friends, to grind corn and make bread and cakes all night. On Monday morning he calls together all his neighbours who own beasts of burden, gives them bread, and asks them to go and fetch him wood and bushes from the forest. They all consent, and return with heavy loads, upon which they are entertained at dinner. In the evening a bonfire is built up with this wood in an open space, and two companies of youths take their places round it, who felicitate the lovers in songs, clapping their hands and playing with their swords, while a number of girls dance and sport among them without fear of hearing the slightest impropriety. The bridegroom and his relations serve coffee, dried fruits, and brandy, to these unmelodious musicians, and to the dancers, in order to promote the general joy. These amusements are repeated every evening of the week."

The last chapter of Signor Pierotti's book treats of the religious dissensions and collisions in Palestine, and the present disordered, corrupt, and unsettled state of the country, which, in the opinion of our author, is annually bringing it nearer to utter annihilation. He concludes his work by saying that the present condition of the Holy Land "is as bad as it well can be, both in its social condition, its progress, and its government," and that any person who lives some time in the country will observe the truth of his statements, as, though they may be plain and unvarnished, they are neither distorted nor exaggerated.

A COMMERCIAL ALMANACK.*

AN Almanack and a Companion to the Almanack in one is the handy and elegant volume in red and gold which comes to us from the establishment of Mr. Fuller. After the usual Calendar and Banking Directory, we have a series of short papers on subjects connected with commerce, which contain a great deal of desirable information within a small and easily accessible compass, and are really very entertaining and suggestive even to the man whose business is not in counting-houses and has no connection with ledgers. From the first article, on "British Commerce for Two Generations," we gather that in 1800 our imports amounted to 24 millions, while in 1863 they were 164 millions, and that our exports in 1800 were valued at 29 millions, and in 1863 at

* Customs and Traditions of Palestine; illustrating the Manners of the Ancient Hebrews. By Ermete Pierotti. Translated by T. G. Bonney, M.A., F.G.S. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co. London: Bell & Daldy.

* The London Almanack and Commercial Record, for the Year 1865. London: William Fuller.

313 millions; showing an increase of sevenfold on our imports, and of no less than elevenfold on our exports, in the course of two generations. Statistical tables are then given, from which it appears that our exports exceeded our imports by only one-sixth in the three years from 1799 to 1801; by one-third from 1819 to 1821; by nearly double from 1839 to 1841; and by more than three times from 1858 to 1860. In the three years 1861-63, our imports increased 12 per cent., but the exports decreased, owing to the American war and the distress in the cotton-manufacturing districts. The rise in the latter, however, has now recommenced, and bids fair to continue with our reviving prosperity. "The unexampled and truly gigantic increase of our exports since the commencement of the present century," says the compiler, "was almost wholly the result of manufacturing enterprise. Our carrier trade likewise augmented; but not at all in proportion to the boundless expansion of our working activity at home, which enabled us to supply the globe with the produce of our furnaces and our looms." In the triennial period 1861-63, however, our carrying trade increased very largely—that is to say, by thirty per cent.—owing to the privateers of the Confederate States driving the vessels of the United States from the seas, and thus throwing a large amount of foreign and colonial traffic on us. This in some degree compensated for the decline of our manufactured exports within the same period. The most brilliant time with us was from 1858 to 1860, when the average of home produce and manufactures for the three years was £294,514,679, and £38,201,263 for foreign and colonial merchandise,—the largest amount for a single year being respectively £315,332,408, and £43,533,158, the figures for 1860. The average for the triennial period 1839-41 was £97,102,295 in the first class, and £13,082,455 in the second; so that the increase in twenty years was (in round figures) 197 millions in home produce and manufactures, and 25 millions in foreign and colonial merchandise. "Summing up the net result," says the work before us, "we find that our exports of home produce have increased twelvefold, and our imports of foreign and colonial merchandise fivefold, during the last sixty years. The figures show that, in the space of these two generations, Great Britain has become the workshop of the world."

Interesting chapters are devoted to "The Mineral Wealth of Great Britain," "Our Cotton Trade," "Taxation in the United Kingdom," "Influx and Efflux of Bullion," "Accumulation of Capital," "The House of Rothschild," and other subjects connected with commerce, trade, and finance. In some notes on the price of the quarter loaf in London for fifty years (1765-1814), we read that, at one part of 1801, the quarter loaf was as low as 10½d., while in the same year it ran up to 1s. 10½d., the highest price during the whole fifty years. The effect of this is grimly marked by the fact that in that year the burials in London exceeded the baptisms by nearly two thousand. In those days, the price of bread was fixed by assize at the commencement of each mayoralty, in accordance with the current price of corn. This was a custom originating as far back as the reign of Henry III., in the year 1266, and it was not abolished until 1815.

The account of the origin and development of the great house of Rothschild is full of very amusing anecdote. The founder of its prosperity was Meyer Amschel, a native of the Jew quarter of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where he was born in 1743. He was a dealer in rare old coins, and over his shop-door hung the sign of a red shield, in German, *Roth-schild*. Having got on friendly terms with the Landgrave William of Hesse, and the two being of mutual service in the troublous days of the French Revolution, Meyer Amschel became rich, and lent money at enormous interest—a portion of the said money being that which had been placed in his hands for safe keeping by the Landgrave, when obliged to fly before the power of Napoleon. This money was duly returned after the restoration of the Landgrave and the death of Meyer; but in the meanwhile the Jew had become a millionaire, and his sons soon increased their inherited fortune. The third son, Nathan, settled in England, and, during the war with France, became a power in the State. Some drafts of Wellington having, in the year 1810, reached England at a time when there was no money to meet them in the Exchequer, Nathan Rothschild purchased the bills at a considerable discount, made them over to the Government at par, and furnished the money for redeeming them. He thus became intimately associated with the Ministry, and received early intelligence on many important occasions, which enabled him to make thousands on the Stock Exchange; and subsequently "he organized a staff of active agents, whose duty it was to follow in the wake of the continental armies, and to send daily, or, if necessary, hourly, reports of the most important movements, successes, or defeats, in ciphers, hidden under the wings of carrier-pigeons." He was on the Continent at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and watched the struggle on which his whole fortune depended from the hill of Hougoumont. As soon as he perceived that victory had declared itself on the side of the Allies, he dashed off at the utmost speed to Ostend; but, on arriving there, he found the sea so rough that no one would carry him across to the English coast. At length, by an offer of two thousand francs (£80), he induced a fisherman to take him, and in a very short time he was at Dover. On reaching London, he cunningly suggested false reports of the battle; a tremendous fall in the funds took place; Nathan by his known agents sold his stock, as hundreds of others did theirs; and his unknown agents bought as largely; and two days later, on the arrival of the good news, he sold again at rates which gave him a profit of a million. Such are the tricks by which men become the monetary kings

of Europe; and Nathan Rothschild was as mean and griping as he was unscrupulous. His death was owing to his shrinking from the expense of sending for his English physician when he was ill at Frankfort, whither he had gone to attend the marriage of Lionel de Rothschild to his cousin Charlotte—a marriage arranged at a family council, as one of a series of blood alliances, with a view to consolidating the family interests, and placing the "house" on a level with princely dynasties. The old man had rendered himself hated by his clerks on account of the miserable wages he paid them; he lived in daily fear of assassination; he confessed himself unhappy; and he died raving of pounds, florins, and thalers. Assuredly, the Nemesis of unconscionable power is a tremendous deity!

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1865.

THE greatness of the loss sustained by *Punch* in the death of John Leech is made painfully manifest by the inefficiency of the designs produced to supply the place of those which he is no longer left to furnish, and which had for so many years given to the work an almost distinctive character and charm. In *Punch's Almanack* Leech always shone with special brightness, and, under any circumstances, the production, without any illustrations from his pencil, would be a comparatively uninteresting work. From every point of view, the almanack for 1865, just published, exhibits a decided falling off in quality. What we most regret to notice, however, is that, of the two subjects furnished by the artist understood to have been employed to supply poor Leech's place, one is a plagiarism of an old *Punch* cut, while the other is obviously indelicate. Against the kind of joking which this artist thus appears inclined to introduce into *Punch*, we feel called upon to enter an emphatic protest. In the thousands of sketches published by Leech, not a trace of coarseness is to be detected; nor can we call to mind that any other artist employed on *Punch* was ever guilty of the flagrant bad taste exhibited in the second of the designs to which we have called attention. We do not wish to say more.

SHORT NOTICES.

Analysis of Mr. Mill's System of Logic. By W. Stebbing, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford (Longman & Co.).—We confess that we have not much faith in abstracts, digests, or analyses of books on abstruse scientific or metaphysical subjects, as instruments of education, particularly so of such a book as Mr. Mill's "System of Logic." If logic be dry, as is commonly believed, even when diluted with copious streams of explanation and illustration, what must it be when separated again by a kind of redistillation from this agreeable solvent medium, and presented in the form of an *abstract logic*? In aridity it should be almost a match for the sirocco of the desert. This is, however, only an objection to abstracts of logic in general, intended to show the great difficulty of the task which Mr. Stebbing has undertaken in analyzing Mr. Mill's Logic—"a harder task," as he himself says, "than those who have never tried may suppose." As to the volume before us, it is evident that much pains has been bestowed on it, and that Mr. Stebbing has succeeded in producing a faithful miniature of Mr. Mill's copious exposition of his logical views, which will be found useful by those who are acquainted with that work for the purpose of refreshing their memory of its contents, and will also materially assist that class of logical students, whose highest ambition is "cram," in preparing for some University or competitive examination. If the light which Mr. Stebbing's analysis will pour into the minds of this latter class of embryo logicians be the purest *lumen siccum* of Bacon, the nature of the task, and not the analyst, is in fault. In our opinion, Mr. Stebbing's essence of Mill's "Logic" is of admirable quality; and since the age, either from its indolence or its impatience, is averse to reading large works, we have no doubt it will be found generally useful as a royal road to a superficial knowledge of a subject now so much in demand.

The Moralist and Politician; or, Many Things in Few Words. By Sir George Ramsay, Bart. (Walton & Maberley).—The aphoristical form of writing is a very dangerous one to handle; for the excessive pithiness of the utterance leads one to expect something peculiarly wise, profound, original, and brilliant. Mediocrity will do well enough when it is helped out by the graces of a flowing style and the adornments of literary art; but when a writer determines to be sententious, he is bound to compensate for the curtness of his manner by some extraordinary excellence in the matter. Potted meats should be of the very best, or they are not worth potting. Sir George Ramsay has given us a volume of condensed thought on questions of politics, religion, and morals, which, judged by the high standard we are entitled to hold, falls far short of the requisite weight and gravity. Some of the brief paragraphs of which the book consists might, by a little address, be beaten out into very fair articles for newspapers and reviews; for it would be strange if an educated gentleman could treat so many subjects without making a few sensible observations here and there. But mere good sense is not enough for this rather awful form of composition; and it often happens that, when an aphorism is not the very crystallization and quintessence of profound thought, long experience, and great reading, it is a mere truism, or a glaring fallacy. We do not care to read, page after page, as in the work before us, such sentences as—"No desire without fear;" "Pain the whetstone of pleasure;" "Desire of Superiority the universal Passion;" or, "Party may degenerate into Faction, parties of principle may become chiefly personal or selfish; but what of that? Are not all things liable to degeneracy?" We do not mean to say that there is not better stuff than this in Sir George's little work; but we have observed a good deal more of the same kind, and we cannot think that the author's aphorisms are likely to add very largely to any reader's stock of knowledge or ideas.

Free Colonization and Trade. By Thomas McCombie, F.S.S., formerly Member of the Legislative Council of Victoria (Sampson, Low, & Co.).—This is a reprint of three papers read before the Social Science Association, to which the author (who has already published a "History of Victoria," a work on "Colonization," and some "Australian Sketches") prefixes a brief Introduction, setting forth his views on Colonial questions generally. He is of opinion that the present race of British Ministers are "emulating the mischievous policy of Lord North," in constantly thwarting the wishes of the colonists, and thrusting criminals upon them against their declared desire to be rid of them. He finds in most of our writers on, and legislators for, the colonies a large amount of ignorance as to what is really required; and he heartily upholds the action of the Australian communities, with the exception of "a small, insignificant settlement, with a merely nominal population," in refusing to receive the refuse of the home population. According to Mr. McCombie, the Australian people are "profoundly loyal" when they are allowed to have their own way (which is probably true of all peoples); and he is greatly disinclined to any severance of the connection between them and the mother country, for, having regard to the fate of Spain and Holland after they lost their dependencies, and to the small territorial area of these islands, he does not think that we could long remain a first-rate Power if we were to lose our out-lying possessions, the trade between which and England is, he says, nearly equal to our trade with all foreign countries, China inclusive. To justify this calculation, however, he is obliged to include the United States of America, because they were once colonies of ours; but it might be replied that, being so no longer, and yet still contributing so largely to our trade, the same result might be expected to accrue in the case of Australia, Canada, &c., should they become independent in the fulness of time.

Letts's Diary and Almanack for 1865. (Letts, Son, & Co.).—The volume for the ensuing year of this useful publication is before us. As usual, it is full of valuable printed matter—such as lists of London and County Bankers, of Army and Navy Agents, of the Houses of Lords and Commons, of English and Scotch Fairs, of the Prices of Funds, &c.—besides the blank pages for the Diary. One very excellent feature is a Commercial Summary of the preceding year; and altogether the publication specially recommends itself to men of business.

The Royal Insurance Company's Almanac for 1865.—Besides containing a good of information relative to insurance, the almanac of this company has some blank leaves for occasional memoranda. Brief memoirs of eminent men deceased within the year 1863 are appended, and the little volume is neatly brought out. The company, it seems, is rapidly progressing in prosperity.

Tweedie's Temperance Year Book (with Almanack) of the Facts and History of the Temperance Movement for 1865 (Tweedie).—A large body of facts illustrative of the progress of the Teetotal Movement is contained in this "Temperance Year Book," and a good deal is made (not unnaturally) of the circumstance that the various anti-drinking societies are acquiring the power of riches in no small measure. Thus we are told, that the money annually expended on the chief Temperance Societies of Great Britain is somewhere about £30,000; to which must be added the incomes of several smaller associations. And the two principal Temperance commercial societies enjoy an annual income of £284,016. We are far from denying that the movement may effect good; but the fanaticism and exaggeration of Teetotal literature will always deter men of large and liberal acquirements from giving it any great attention. The present year's issue of the "Temperance Year Book" contains some rough sketches by George Cruikshank, illustrating the evils of drunkenness—sketches which only make us lament that this admirable artist should, of late years, have narrowed his genius to the service of a clique, and of an exaggerated cry.

The Primrose Pilgrimage. A Woodland Story. By M. Betham Edwards (Griffith & Farran).—*The Two Roads. A Tale for Little Travellers* (Hatchard & Co.).—Two short stories for children—the one in verse, the other in prose, and both strongly imbued with a religious feeling—are published under the above titles. The first contains within its main structure a number of little episodes of a character supposed to be agreeable to young readers; the second is a sort of moral fairy tale, with a sermon to follow. The intentions of the respective authors are excellent; yet there is a faint, washy kind of sentimentality about both books which we do not think likely to be very serviceable either to little boys or little girls.

Beeton's Christmas Annual. Fifth Season. Edited by the Publisher (S. O. Beeton).—Here is a shilling's worth of matter, which those who are well inclined at Christmas time to like anything with a good admixture of sentiment and fun will no doubt receive with satisfaction. For ourselves, we have an objection, to begin with, to such very small type; and we are almost tired of the kind of set humour, mechanical moralising, and obtrusively confidential tone, which seems to be considered indispensable in a Christmas book. Mr. Beeton's production is neither above nor below the common standard. The literary matter is plentiful, various, and by several writers; and the illustrations are numerous, but, as it seems to us, exceedingly dreary.

Stories of the Wars. 1574—1658. From the Rise of the Dutch Republic to the Death of Oliver Cromwell. By John Tillotson (S. O. Beeton).—Mr. Tillotson professedly writes for youth, and by youths his volume will doubtless be found amusing. But one does not clearly understand why he should simply select wars for his chronicle, and of those only such as occurred between 1574 and 1658. The work merely presents us with fragments of history, without any special purpose or any connecting link. It contains, however, a large body of facts, and may stimulate in its readers a desire for more systematic information. Mr. Tillotson's style is showy and spasmodic; but with boys this will perhaps be found a recommendation. The work is liberally, and upon the whole well, illustrated. Some of the woodcut

views of places are very good, though others look as if they had been already well worn in earlier publications, and the plates printed in colours are as bad as such plates usually are.

Gulliver's Travels. With a Memoir of the Author. Illustrated with upwards of Three Hundred Wood Engravings, from Designs by J. G. Thomson, engraved by W. L. Thomas (S. O. Beeton).—Mr. Beeton has produced a very handsome edition in one volume of Swift's great work. The type is clear and elegant, and the illustrations show a good deal of fancy and grotesque power, though they are often sketchy to slovenliness, and sometimes extravagant to an extent which even the wildness of the text does not justify.

We have received Vol. III. of the new edition of the *Theological Works of the Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A.* (Houlston & Wright);—*An Arithmetic for the Use of Schools and Students preparing for Examination, with an Appendix on the Metrical System*, by J. Troysell, B.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge (Longmans);—*Key to the "Standard" Manual of Arithmetic, Theoretical and Practical*, edited by J. S. Laurie (Murby);—*Goldsmith's Traveller, with Explanatory Notes, Exercises in Analysis of Sentences, and a Life of the Poet, for the Use of Colleges and Schools*, by Walter McLeod, F.R.G.S., M.C.P. (Longmans);—*Links of Love: Brief Essays for the Times, the Churches, and the People*, by John William Cole (Paul);—Part I. of *Cassell's Illustrated Educator for the Young* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin);—and Nos. XXI. and XXII. of the *Autographic Mirror*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

WE have to announce the decease of Mrs. Carmichael Smyth, the mother of the late Mr. Thackeray. Her first husband, Richmond Thackeray, the great humorist's father, died at Calcutta in 1815, when his son, William Makepeace, was just four years old. Mr. Theodore Taylor, in speaking of the youthful Thackeray, remarks that "the son, after remaining in India for some time with his widowed mother, finally bade adieu for ever to that country, and was brought to England in 1817. His mother, who had married Major Carmichael Smyth, still survives, a lady of more than eighty years of age, whose vigorous health and cheerful spirits are proverbial in her son's family." Since the decease of her son, however, Mrs. Smyth has not enjoyed her former robust health. His loss was a blow from which her failing age would not allow her to recover. She had been complaining all the summer, and as the winter cold came on it was plain to her family that her strength was rapidly leaving her. Major Carmichael Smyth died about ten years ago.

We learn from Paris that another cheap edition of "La Vie de Jésus" is in the press. A correspondent says "the profits of the publishers and author of this work must have been enormous. There were 77,000 copies of the seven-and-a-half-franc edition sold before the commencement of last month, and 80,000 of the franc edition, making in all 157,000. The gross profits of 'La Vie de Jésus,' in two years, therefore come to £17,637 16s. 8d., and the demand for it is still very great."

The fun of the "Biglow Papers" is now quite as familiar to readers here as in the land which produced them. But there are several humorous American productions, of almost equal renown with Lowell's witty poems, which are quite unknown here. Some thousands of copies of "The Orpheus C. Kerr [Office-Seeker] Papers" have been sold during the past two years, and this season another volume has appeared; but it is more than probable that not ten copies of either have crossed the Atlantic, although they are amongst the drollest books of modern times. A work is now in preparation at a New York publisher's, which it is expected will attain a popularity quite equal to that of the "Biglow Papers" or "Major Jack Downing's Letters." A friend in New York informs us that it is the production of one of the many showmen who travel with a circus through the Western States, and, moreover, that it will be written in what may be called showman's language. From a sample sheet of the work we select what the showman calls his *Experience as an Editor*:—"In the Ortom of 18— my friend, the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle, was obliged to leave perfereshernal dooties and go and dig his taters, and he axed me to edit for him doorin his absence. Accordingly I ground up his Shears and commenced. It didn't take me a grate while to slash out copy enuff from the xchanges for one issou, and I thawt I'd ride up to the next town on a little Jaunt, to rest my Branes which had bin severely rackt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.) So I went over to the Rale Rood offiss and axed the Sooprintendent for a pars. 'You a editor?' he axed, evijently on the pint of snickerin' 'Yes sir,' sez I, 'don't I look poor enuff?' 'Just about,' said he, 'but our Rood can't pars you.' 'Can't, hay?' 'No Sir—it can't.' 'Be-cauz,' sez I, lookin him full in the face with a eagle eye, 'it goes so darned slow it can't pars anybody!' Methinks I had him thar. It's the slowest Rale Road in the West. With a mortified air, he told me to git out of his offiss. I pittid him and went." There is a good deal of "true grit," much of the real Biglow flavour, in this. The drollery and fun of American humour is something so different from what we have here, that an occasional republication would be very welcome to many English readers.

The second part of the valuable library collected by the late eminent antiquary, John Bowyer Nichols, has just been disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby & Co. As may be inferred from the well-known tastes of this family, topography, genealogy, and the antiquities of Great Britain were well represented. Many of the magnificent county histories which have appeared from the family publishing-house in Parliament-street were here; and, on the third and last days, numerous copies of "Phelps's History of Somerset," "Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire," "Surtees's Durham," "Nichol's Leicestershire," "Hoare's Wiltshire," "Dallaway's Sussex," &c., were sold. The "History of Leicestershire" is one of the most expensive books ever undertaken or produced, no less than £30,000 being spoken of as the outlay.

The first part of the sixpenny selections from the Laureate's works, has this week been subscribed to the trade with good success. Respecting the first edition of this popular publication, and the advertisements about which we recently spoke, the last number of the *Publishers' Circular* remarked:—"So large a sale is anticipated for the new edition of the Poet Laureate's poems, to be published in sixpenny parts, that the scale of charges for advertisements is limited to the first issue of 30,000. Advertisers continuing advertisements beyond this are to be charged at corresponding rates on every subsequent issue of ten thousand." This appears to us an excellent principle, as advertisers will, at least, know what they very seldom do know under the ordinary system—the exact amount of publicity which they get for their money. Where the advertisements are contracted for, as in this case, by agents of respectability, the advertiser has sufficient guarantee of *bonâ fides*. Fraud would, in fact, be impossible without such a combination between publishers, contractors, and printers, as could hardly be conceived.

Most book-buyers will have observed the changes that take place in the appearance of books—outside as well as inside—from time to time. In this, as in other manufactures, the market is governed by fashions which rule for a time with peculiar and painful monotony. Forty years ago, paper labels were the rage, and a bookseller's shop presented a mass of cloth, with pieces of white paper stuck upon it, to the observer; thirty years since, gilt lettering upon the cloth became universal, a plain Roman letter, like ordinary printing type; after that, Mr. John Leighton introduced a letter—a kind of antique or Egyptian pattern—which became almost universal; in fact, so popular, that fonts of type of this peculiar pattern have been cast, and very widely used amongst printers. This season we have a new letter on the backs of our books, taken very clearly from the French antique type, now so much used by the Paris publishers. Three hundred years ago, the same letters were in use amongst the Italians, as the books of that period show. The great fault with these peculiar letters is that O, C, and all the round ones, are just double the width of the others, which at first sight gives them an awkward appearance. Still, the officials at South Kensington, and the Royal Academy, have thought proper to print their notices in type of this pattern, so we suppose fault must not be found with it.

A new monthly publication, entitled the *Priesthood at Home*, will be published on the 1st of January. Its objects are stated to be to advance domestic and social religion, and to promote an intelligent interpretation of the Scriptures.

The trade organ of Paternoster-row mentions an interesting work throwing some light on the history of the early Christians in Italy. It is more than probable that it will appear before long in an English dress. We have received from Rome, a prospectus in Italian of the projected work of the Chevalier de Rosse, entitled, "La Roma Sotterranea Cristiana, Descritta ed Illustrata," which is published by order of the Pope. The first volume of this important publication, which will probably contain a far more complete account of the traces of the early Christian Church in the Catacombs than has yet been presented, is now published at the price of sixty-four francs and a half. It contains forty chromo-lithographic illustrations in large 4to. The extent of the work is not yet determined; but each volume will be issued to subscribers independently.

Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL have in the press a "Life of Carl Maria von Weber" (the composer), by Baron von Weber, in 2 vols; a "Life of the Sculptor, Thorwaldsen," by M. R. Barnard, author of "Sport in Norway," 1 vol.; and "Luther's Letters to Women," collected by Dr. Zimmermann, and translated by Mrs. Malcolm, 1 vol.

Messrs. HODGES, SMITH, & Co., will publish in a few days, in a handsome volume, with frontispiece and 16 tinted illustrations, a new work, entitled "The Cruise of the R.Y.S. *Eva*," by Arthur Kavanagh.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish immediately "Ballads and Songs of Brittany," by Tom Taylor, translated from the "Barsaz-Breiz" of Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué, with some of the original Melodies, harmonized by Mrs. Tom Taylor, with illustrations by Tissot, Millais, Tenniel, Keene, Corbould, and H. K. Browne; also, "Stories of Number Nip," by Mark Lemon, with six illustrations by Charles Keene; and a "Book of Golden Deeds," by the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," with a vignette from a statuette of Miss Nightingale, forming one of the volumes of the "Golden Treasury" Series.

Mr. BENTLEY will publish immediately the 3rd and 4th vols. of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," by Walter Farquhar Hook, Dean of Chichester; "The History of the Present American War, from its Commencement to the Conclusion of the Campaign of 1863," by Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards, with numerous plans of battles, Vol. I.; and "Uncle Silas," a novel, by the author of "Wylder's Hand," 3 vols.

Messrs. TRÜBNER & Co. announce for immediate publication "A Jewish Reply to Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch," by the Jewish Association for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge; Mr. Edwards's new book on "Libraries and their Founders;" "Major-General McClellan and the Campaign on the York-Town Peninsula," by Frederick Milnes Edge, late American correspondent of the *Morning Star*; a new and revised edition of Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar; the fifth volume of Professor Horace Hayman Wilson's works; "Sea-Sickness, its Nature and Treatment," by Dr. John Chapman; "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man," by Theodore Parker; "Zulu-Land, or Life among the Zulu-Kafirs of Natal and Zulu-Land," with illustrations, by Lewis Grant; a translation of Comte's "View of Positivism," by Dr. J. H. Bridges; and a new book on India, by Major Evans Bell.

Messrs. MOXON & Co. announce "Elsie, Flights into Fairy-land, and other Poems," by J. Crawford Wilson, author of "Jonathan Oldaker," &c.; "Edwy and Elgiva, a Tragedy," by Thomas Tilton, B.A., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; "Evenings in Arcadia," by Henry Talbot; Vol. I. (immediately) of Moxon's "Miniature

Poets," being selections from the works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate, and containing hitherto-unpublished sonnets, songs, and pieces, with some new readings of former writings; and an issue of the same work in eight monthly parts, price sixpence each, commencing on Monday, January 2, 1865. The same firm will also issue on New Year's-day a Medallion of Mr. Tennyson, executed by Mr. Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, in high relief, which will sell for 25s. Cases for packing may be had for 1s.

Two useful Christmas presents are the "Dictionnaire Universel d'Histoire et de Géographie," and the "Dictionnaire des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts," both by M. Bouillet, Inspector-General of Public Instruction in France. Amongst other French books fit for Christmas presents, we may mention the following, published by ALFRED MAME ET FILS:—"Les Résidences Royales et Impériales," "L'Air et le Monde Aérien," "Le Rhin et l'Allemagne du Nord," and "Les Aventures de Robin Jouet."

The *Comité Israélite* at Mayence has entered into an action against M. de Ketteler, the Bishop of Mayence, for a violent article inserted in the journal of that city, exciting hatred against the Jews.

The eighth volume of the "History of Modern States," which contains the history of England from the conclusion of peace in 1815 to the death of George IV., has just appeared in Leipsic. The author, we hear, is particularly well qualified to write a history of England, and the work is attracting great attention in Germany.

Count D'Escayrac de Lauture, whose captivity in China during the last expedition excited so much attention, has just brought out a work called, "Mémoires sur la Chine." The book is carefully and beautifully illustrated.

M. Alfred Assolant, whose name has become familiar to Englishmen, has just published a work at the house of M. FURNE, called "L'Histoire Fantastique du Célèbre Pierrot."

M. MICHEL LÉVY has just brought out a work entitled, "Les Vagabonds," written by M. Mario Proth.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Ainsworth (W. H.), James II. Cheap edit. Fcap. 1s.
 Alexandra Magazine. Vol. I. 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Ashe (T.), Pictures, and other Poems. Fcap., 5s.
 Banim (M.), Peep o' Day. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Barbara's History, by A. B. Edwards. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Barlow (J. W.), Eternal Punishment, and Eternal Death. 8vo., 6s.
 Beautiful Picture Book. Coloured. 4to. 5s.
 Bell & Daldy's Elzevir Series.—Irving (W.), Sketch Book. Fcap., 5s.
 ———— Shakespeare. Edited by T. Keightley. Vol. VI. Fcap., 5s.
 Bonar (Rev. A.), Visitor's Book of Texts. 4th edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Book of Humour, Wit, and Wisdom. Fcap., 5s.
 ———— Golden Deeds, by Author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 ———— Psalms, with Biblical Commentary. 4to., 21s.
 Book (The), and its Missions. Vol. IX. 8vo., 4s.
 Burnett (G. R.), Builders' and Contractors' Price Book, 1865. 12mo., 4s.
 Canning (Hon. A.), Kinkora. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Cassell's Popular Educator. New series. Vol. VI. 4to., 5s.
 Chapman (J.), Functional Diseases of the Stomach. Part I. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 ———— (H. T.), On Varicose Veins. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Child's Famous Picture Book. Folio, 3s. 6d.
 ———— Own Album. 4to., 3s. 6d.
 Colin (A.), Shakespeare in Germany. 4to., 23s.
 Daily Communion. 64mo., 1s. 6d.
 Dobbs Family (The), in America. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Dumnars, by Ruth Murray. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Fowler (F.), Last Gleanings. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Friswell (J. H.), Familiar Words. Fcap., 7s. 6d.
 Gertrude Waynflete. 16mo., 1s.
 Gilbert (W.), De Profundis. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Golden Calendar (The). 4to., £2. 2s.
 Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. 2nd Series. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Greene (Mrs. R. J.), Cushions and Corners. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Greenwood (J.), Adventures of Seven Four-Footed Sisters. Fcap., 5s.
 Homilist (The). Vol. IV. 3rd Series. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 How we spent the Summer in Switzerland. Oblong Folio, 10s. 6d.
 James (G. P. R.), Gowrie. Fcap., 1s.
 Joe Witless, by Eliza B. Hunter. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Jones (P.) and Warren (H.), History of Joseph and his Brethren. 4to., £2. 2s.
 Kavanagh (A.), Cruise of the R.Y.S. *Eva*. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Keary (A. and E.), Little Wanderlin and other Tales. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Laxton's Builders' Price Book, 1865. 18mo., 4s.
 Leech (J.), Later Pencilings from *Punch*. Folio, 21s.
 Lee (H.), In the Silver Age. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Life's Paths; or, Spiritual Influence. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Little Book about Country Life. Fcap., 1s.
 Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage, 1865. Royal 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Logan (D.), On Obstinate Diseases of the Skin. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Luke (Jane A.), Brief Memorials of. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Lyttelton (Lord), Ephemera. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Macé (J.), A Bit of Bread. Part I. 2nd edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Maclaren (Rev. A.), Sermons. 2nd edit. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Madame Fontenoy, by Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Martin (W.), Heroism of Boyhood. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Magazine for the Young. Vol. for 1864. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Medico-Chirurgical Transactions. Vol. XLVII. 8vo., 10s.
 Merry Christmas (A). New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Monthly Packet (The). Vol. XXVIII. Fcap., 5s.
 Motley's (J. R.), Rise of the Dutch Republic. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Moxon's Miniature Poets. Vol. I. 16mo., 5s.
 Oakeley (F.), Notes on the Tractarian Movement. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Old City (The), its Highways and Byeways. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Pennell (H. C.), Family Fairy Tales. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Pulpit (The). Vol. LXXXV. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Railway Library.—Emily Chester. Fcap., 2s.
 Robertson (Rev. J.), Pastoral Counsels. Fcap., 5s.
 Saint Germain Legends (The). Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Scott (Sir W.), Lady of the Lake. Photo-illustrated. Small 4to., 18s.
 Select Library of Fiction.—Gertrude. By Mrs. Trollope. Fcap., 2s.
 Semmes (Capt.), Log of the *Alabama* and *Sumter*. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Shakespeare Jest Book. Edited by W. C. Hazlitt. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Short Whist, by Major A. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Sibert's Wold. New edit. Fcap., 2s.
 Smith (Dr. S.), Philosophy of Health. New edit. 8vo., 15s.
 Spohr (Louis), Autobiography. 8vo., 14s.
 Stuart (J. McD.), Explorations in Australia. 2nd edit. 8vo., 21s.
 Sunbeam Stories. Vol. I. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Taylor (Tom), Ballads of Brittany. Small 4to., 12s.
 Thomson (J.), The Bishop and the Book. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Torrens (Wm.), Lancashire's Lesson. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Wide, Wide, World (The). New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Worboise (E. J.), Labour and Wait. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Wordsworth (W.), Poetical Works. New edit. 6 vols. Fcap., £1. 10s.

NOTICE.—With our issues of Saturday, 31st December, and January 7th, 1865, will be published GRATIS, TWO SPECIAL AND HIGHLY INTERESTING SUPPLEMENTS, reviewing the Progress of Literature, Science, Art, and Religion, in this Country and Abroad, during the Year 1864. Annual Subscription, post-free, including these special Supplements, One Guinea.

Advertisements for these numbers will be received till 6 o'clock on Tuesday, the 27th inst., and the same time on Tuesday, January 3rd., 1865.

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THE LONDON REVIEW

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Short Notices.—Literary Gossip.
List of New Publications for the Week.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to ISAAC SEAMAN, Publisher, 11, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

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All Back Numbers of the LONDON REVIEW may be had direct from the Office on receipt of Stamps, or from any Newsagent.

The LONDON REVIEW can also be had, bound in cloth, as follows:—
Vol. I., 10s.; Vol. II., 13s.; Vol. III., 16s.; Vol. IV., 16s.; Vol. V., 16s.; Vol. VI., 12s. 6d.; Vol. VII., 12s. 6d. Vol. VIII. (January to June, 1864) is now ready, price 12s. 6d.

Cases for binding the Volumes, and Reading Cases, price 1s. 6d. each, may also be had.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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After which, at Half-past Eight, an entirely new and original Grand Fairy Spectacle and Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled CINDERELLA; or, HARLEQUIN AND THE MAGIC PUMPKIN AND THE GREAT FAIRY OF THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER, with new and magnificent Scenery, Dresses, and Appointments. The Scenery by Mr. T. Greive, Mr. T. W. Greive, and assistants. The principal characters in the opening will be sustained by Messrs. Lingham, E. Danvers, Naylor, F. Payne, and W. H. Payne; Miss Clara Denvil and Miss Craven. In the Grand Ballet, Mdlles. Duchateau, Montero, and Bonfanti, assisted by a numerous Corps de Ballet. Harlequin, Mr. Fred. Payne; Pantaloon, Mr. Paul Herring; Columbine, Mdlle. Esther; and Clown, Mr. Harry Payne. During the Harlequinade, Signor Donato, the celebrated one-legged dancer, who has created such extraordinary enthusiasm at Berlin, Vienna, &c., will have the honour of making his first appearance in England, and will perform some of his characteristic dances, including the Danse avec Manteau. Stage Manager, Mr. A. Harris; Acting Manager, Mr. J. Russell. Private Boxes from £4. 4s. to 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s. reserved; 2s. unreserved; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Schools and Children under Twelve years of age will be admitted to the Morning Performances only, on payment at the doors of the following charges, viz.:—Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Stalls, 3s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 1s. 6d. and 1s.; and Pit, 1s. 6d. A special Morning Performance of the Pantomime on Saturday, Dec. 31, and a Morning Performance Every Monday, at Two o'clock. Doors open at Half-past Six, to commence at Seven Every Evening. The Box-office, under the direction of Mr. Edward Hall, is open from Ten till Five.

THE GALLERY of the INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS, 53, Pall-mall, near St. James's Palace, is now OPEN as a winter exhibition of high class modern pictures. Open from 10 to 5. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 120, Pall-mall.—The TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES, by living British Artists, is NOW OPEN from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, Brompton, S.W.—Supported by Voluntary Contributions.

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First and Second Class RETURN TICKETS, Ordinary and Express, taken on FRIDAY, 23rd DECEMBER, and intervening days, will be available for the Return Journey on any day up to and including SATURDAY, 31st DECEMBER.

On CHRISTMAS DAY SPECIAL TRAINS will, in addition to the Sunday Ordinary Trains, be run as follows:—

From Cambridge to Norwich, Bury, Peterborough, Wisbeach, Lynn, and intermediate Stations, in connection with the 6.45 a.m. Down Train from London, due in Cambridge at 9.40 a.m., and from the same Stations to Cambridge, in connection with the Up Train leaving Cambridge for London at 9.50 a.m.

From Ipswich to Framlingham, Aldborough, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, and intermediate Stations, in connection with the 7.10 a.m. Down Parliamentary Train from London, due in Ipswich at 10.50 a.m.

Morning and Evening Trains will also be run on the Hadleigh Branch, and on the Waveney Valley Line, in connection with the Main Line Trains.

By order,

J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

London, December 1st, 1864.

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2, Old Broad-street, London, December 15th, 1864.

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Applications for Prospectuses and Agencies to be made to the Secretary.

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